

## WHY PEACE MUST COME



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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE German reply to President Wilson and Prince Max's speech constitute no new fact. Both show in the caution of the wording and the restraint or the hesitation of the answers to searching and painful questions, that Germany faces the truth that she is a beaten Power. From trust in her own strength, she turns with a kind of appeal to the justice of others, and is even reduced to pleading that Mr. Wilson will name no conditions inconsistent with her honor as a nation. It is not merely the danger on the Western Front which explains this attitude. Hungary's demand for the concentration of all her own troops to defend her "independence" means that the Dual Monarchy is now out of the war as an organized and single Power. The effect of the Note and the speech will vary with the point of view. President Wilson's final reply makes it clear that though the signs of constitutional transformation have made the intended impression he is not satisfied. That is for him the central issue. Yet much supports the contention of the new Government that the change, as far as it goes, is real. The "subsidiary Governments" (*Nebenregierungen*) have disappeared. The Kaiser's rescript of September 30th was countersigned by the retiring Chancellor. The military command, in all cases of disputes with the civil authority, must now have its decisions countersigned by the responsible Minister. He happens to be Herr Gröber, who, in the last debate before the change, led the attack on the military despotism. Thus both Crown and Army are, formally at least, subjected to the Civil Power. On the other hand, the phrases which refer to the armistice are dubious, and may not yet approach what an official opinion requires. The next step is to define those requirements. After Mr. Wilson's Note, a mere negative is not a possible answer.

For soldiers and realist politicians the only part of the German reply which has to be weighed is the brief but subtly worded paragraph on the armistice. It marks no retrogression from the original request. Dr. Solf reaffirms German willingness to evacuate the occupied territories. He agrees that the procedure of the evacuation must be "left to the judgment of the military

advisers," and thus ignores the current interpretation of Mr. Wilson's Note, affirmed in his last answer, that it must be left to the military advisers of America and the Allies. In other words, while Mr. Wilson assumes that the Allied Command will dictate the terms on which an armistice may be granted, the German Note tacitly assumes that there will be consultation between the two staffs. The difference here is hardly in fact so substantial as our Press suggests. Some technical consultation is inevitable: the real question is whether the victorious Power, which necessarily lays down the conditions for an armistice, will dictate demands which in the German phrase "would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people." The reply suggests "the actual standard of power on both sides in the field" as the criterion of the safeguards and guarantees which Mr. Wilson requires to ensure the actual military "supremacy" of the Allied armies. The German wording reads like a reluctant paraphrase of Mr. Wilson's. The paragraph concludes with a direct appeal to Mr. Wilson to bring about "an opportunity for fixing the details."

THE passage on outrages contains an irritating but brief and perfunctory defence of German procedure, and the opportunity for expressing contrition for the vile outrage on the "Leinster" is stupidly missed. None the less, the practical signs of a change are fairly satisfactory. Wanton destruction is to cease (it is in fact ceasing); those who transgress "are being punished," and the submarines (which are said to have been recalled) will cease to sink passenger ships. The real burden of the Note is in its claim that Germany has made the "arbitrary Power" impotent. What would the answer to Mr. Wilson's demand have been from any Great Power, above all from a Power so arrogant as Germany, unless she felt herself to be totally defeated and in mortal danger? The answer, sure in that case, would certainly have been a haughty protest against foreign interference. The Note, on the contrary, avoids even a hint of any reluctance to answer the question, and makes an argumentative reply.

PERHAPS the best thing in it is the opening admission that the German Constitution was open to Mr. Wilson's strictures on "arbitrary Power." Parliament, it owns, had no "influence on the formation of Governments," and no voice "in decisions on peace and war." There has now been "a fundamental change." No Government can in future "take or retain office without possessing the confidence of the majority of the Reichstag." The first act of the new Government was to introduce a Bill making the consent of the Reichstag necessary for decisions on war or peace. The responsibility of the Chancellor to the Reichstag is being "legally developed and safeguarded." The guarantee for the permanence of these changes is not merely paper provisions, but "the unshakable determination of the German people." It would be an immense and just satisfaction to

the opinion of the whole civilized world that the Kaiser's unhappy person should quit the scene, but the visible results of his disastrous leadership have certainly rendered him "impotent." All the news from Berlin suggests that the Junkers are helpless and cowed. The Majority rules.

PRINCE MAX's second speech as Chancellor was reserved and cautious. He is evidently doubtful whether peace will result from his move, and warns the German people that it may have to prepare for a war of defence. It wants a "peace of justice," but will not "submit to a peace of violence without a fight." Such a peace cannot be decided by Germany's strength, but only by what is held to be right after free discussion with Germany's opponents. Can she trust "an anti-German Court of Justice?" The answer is subtle and shrewd. Prince Max suggests that it is "the extreme apostles of force in the Entente" who fear the Council Chamber. There followed a passage on the League of Nations which rings sincerely. It means the abandonment of the old "unqualified independence," and the old "national egoism." If Germans submit to that "not with a mental reservation, but with all good faith, then they will find in it a cure for present wounds—a reservoir of future strength." Whatever comes, be it peace or a renewed war, Germany can find strength only by "definitely breaking away from the old system." Then followed a detailed review of the new programme of Constitutional change. The passage on Alsace naturally excites question. Prince Max dwelt on the new system of governments there, the nomination of Alsations as Governor and Secretary of State, and the full liberty to be given to them to form a Government and draft a programme with the Alsatian Party leaders. Does this imply that Germany means to retain the province in spite of Mr. Wilson's "Point"? It may open up a future claim that Alsace should have the right of self-determination.

THE reply in which the President closes his all-important act of open diplomacy, gathers up its threads, and weaves them, we hope, into the substance of a peace, is a very striking document. He treats the armistice and the peace terms as a connected argument. To the former he will assent, on the understanding that a German Government representing the majority of the Reichstag and of the German people "unreservedly accepts the fourteen points and conforms to the 'humane rules of civilized warfare.'" But he stipulates that the armistice he recommends to the Allied Governments must be of such a nature as to render Germany's resumption of the war impossible, and to give the Allies the power to safeguard the peace. On this condition, "AND IF THOSE GOVERNMENTS ARE DISPOSED TO EFFECT PEACE UPON THE TERMS AND PRINCIPLES INDICATED," he will place the drafting of the armistice in the hands of the Allied Generals. Thus the President seeks to bind both parties to a preliminary acceptance of his scheme of settlement. The Allies, we presume, will not and cannot refuse to endorse the fourteen points, and if that is so, and the question is one of material guarantees only, peace should be sure. But, it will still be liable to the further stipulation that the negotiators on the German side shall be "veritable representatives," of the German people, assured of authority as "the real rulers of Germany." Otherwise, and if the autocracy remains in power, and the new Constitution remains incomplete, the peace will be one not of negotiation, but of surrender.

To sum up the President suggests:—

1. An assent to the fourteen points by Entente and Central Powers alike.
2. A firm armistice, guaranteeing that having accepted peace, Germany will not be able to slip back into war with the smallest chance of winning it. As she has already lost, the contingency is remote.
3. A complete abdication of power by the German

military party acting with the "monarchical autocrats," and the establishment of fully responsible government.  
4. Failing that—Surrender.

UNFORTUNATELY, our own attitude is still far from being in touch with the American position. Mr. Balfour is as usual the chief offender. He has refused to say whether the Government accepts the fourteen points—i.e., whether or no it has a fixed policy in harmony with America's. But Germany cannot be expected to "surrender" to unspecified conditions. And he has simply impounded the German colonies. They are not in any case to return to Germany. Mr. Balfour did not say that we were to have them all, but the only reason he gave for this decision, if it is a decision, were British reasons—i.e., the necessity of securing our sea communications. This declaration is in sharp contradiction with Mr. George's pledge that the future of the German Colonies should be a matter for the Peace Conference, and it ignores his statement that the natives should be consulted. Peace may come in this way, but it will be a Peace of Scramble and Grab, in which each member of the Entente will follow our lead, and ask everything for itself and as little as possible, for the world's safety.

MR. WILSON's promised reply to the Austrian request for an armistice turns out to be a refusal. The United States no longer adheres to the "point" which laid down "autonomous development" as the solution for the problem of nationality in the Dual Monarchy. It has recognised the National Council of Tchecho-Slovaks in Paris as a belligerent Government, and has similarly recognised the Yougo-Slavs. "Autonomy" therefore is no longer a possible basis of peace, and it is these Slav peoples, and not the American Government, who must now decide what action will "satisfy their aspirations." This is a fairly plain way of saying that Mr. Wilson has since January adopted the solution of dismemberment. The practical effect would seem to be that Austria-Hungary cannot now hope for peace. She can only expire.

MEANWHILE, it is certainly true that the Dual Monarchy is morally breaking up. The Emperor's rescript offers what seems to be the widest possible autonomy to Tchechs, South Slavs, Germans, and Ukrainians. The Poles are to go freely to Poland, and Trieste to become an autonomous Imperial city. Only foreign affairs, defence, and customs are reserved. The Tchechs and South Slavs at once rejected the boon: they prefer, like Sinn Fein, to await the Peace Conference. The result of this hopeless deadlock in Austria is that Hungary has proclaimed her independence by a resolution of the Diet. The personal union remains, and the Emperor Karl is still King of Hungary. But Hungary claims and is accorded full liberty in defence, customs, and foreign affairs. That seems barely compatible even with the shadowy "personal union." The Hungarian King Karl might, for example, make a separate peace, while the Austrian Emperor Karl fought on. The return of all Hungarian troops to Hungary is demanded, so that one can hardly say that even an alliance effectively survives between the two halves of the Dual Monarchy. This development in no way helps the question of nationality, for Hungary was a much graver sinner than Austria, and will not without compulsion abandon her subject Slav and Roumanian territories.

THE week, including last week-end, has been marked upon the British front in France by two main triumphal advances. By the one the Belgian coast and a great part of Belgian Flanders have been cleared; by the other the enemy's positions along the line of the Scheldt between Tournai and Valenciennes and south past Le Cateau have been assaulted. In these operations all the British Armies have been engaged—the Second or Plumer's, the Fifth or Birdwood's, the First or Horne's, and the Third or Byng's and the Fourth or Rawlinson's, in that order from north to south. But Belgian, French, and American



troops have co-operated throughout. After the evacuation of Ostend, Lille, and Douai on the 17th, Blankenberghe was taken on the 18th, and by last Sunday, the 20th, the enemy had abandoned Zeebrugge and Bruges.

THE Belgian coast was thus freed, a result of the utmost importance as greatly restricting the action of the enemy's submarines and aeroplanes. Immediately after the occupation of Ostend, Sir Roger Keyes, commanding at Dover, landed the King and Queen of the Belgians upon their shores once again. When on the point of entering Lille, General Birdwood halted his troops to allow a French battalion to enter the great manufacturing city first. On the following day the correspondent, Mr. Perry Robinson, entered and gave a vivid account of the immense rejoicing in the city at the British arrival. He also revealed the extreme hardships and brutalities to which the civilian inhabitants had been exposed during the four years of German domination—the shootings at night, the looting of houses, the confiscation of metals and all treasures, and, far worse than all, the forcible deportation of men, women, and girls to perform various labors, sometimes distinctly military, behind the lines. This—the most savage act of war since the devastation of the Palatinate—blackens the name of Imperial Germany.

LESS spectacular, but of even greater military importance has been the general advance along a front of about sixty miles from the Lys to a point below Le Gateau, where our right flank comes in touch with the French advancing upon the Oise near Guise. This front may be roughly indicated by the names of the rivers Lys, Scheldt, Selle and Sambre, and the immediate objectives may be called the city of Ghent, at the junction of the Lys and Scheldt, the Belgian town of Tournai, and the French town of Valenciennes, both on the Scheldt—the latter being almost the last town of importance still held by the enemy upon French soil. At the time of writing, Plumer, with French and Belgian troops upon his left, not more than ten miles from Ghent, is pushing east between the Lys and Courtrai; Birdwood is on the outskirts of Tournai; Horne on the outskirts of Valenciennes; while Byng and Rawlinson are pressing a strong attack from Solesmes and Le Cateau in the direction of the Forest of Mormal, Landrecies and Maubeuge. It seems likely that the intention is rather to encircle Tournai and Valenciennes than to attack direct. In the centre, between Tournai and Valenciennes, the armies are already almost within sight of Condé, from which Mons is barely fifteen miles distant; so that the fortune of war has come full circle. None the less, the German resistance is stiffening, especially near Le Cateau and along the Sambre. Still more violent resistance is being offered to the slow advance of the first American Army in the difficult country between the Argonne and the Meuse, where the Germans are believed to have thirty divisions holding a very narrow front. The position is essential to them if they would escape complete disaster.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG's despatch, published last Tuesday, is an admirably frank and clearly written document. It covers the history of the great German offensive from March 21st to the end of April last. Since the German army's first attempted rush to Paris, the Allied cause was never so near military disaster as during those terrible six weeks, and Sir Douglas Haig very fully explains the reason. Owing to the collapse of Russia, a great German attack was naturally expected, and preparations to meet it were carried on throughout last winter; but in January our forces took over twenty-eight miles of front from the French, our Divisions were reduced from thirteen to ten battalions apiece, and there were simply not enough reserves to go round. It was essential to retain a force in the north to protect the Channel ports; in the centre to protect the colliery district; and in the south to counter a thrust at Amiens with a view to driving a wedge between the British and French armies. But only in the south was it possible to give a certain amount of ground without disaster. Un-

happily in this area the defences and lines in rear were far from complete, and the front line was so thin that the Fifth Army (Gough's) through its forty-two miles front could afford only one Division to 6,750 yards. North of the Fifth Army the Third (Byng's) covered a front of twenty-seven miles.

To meet the attack of sixty-four German Divisions on a front of fifty-four miles, these two armies possessed only twenty-nine infantry Divisions and three cavalry. The German attacking force exceeded the whole British Army then in France, and upon the entire West Front the German host counted 192 Divisions. Why our line was allowed to run so dangerously thin, when, according to the Premier's own account, we had reserves up to 300,000 men ready and waiting in England, is one of the darkest of the war's mysteries. The enemy was further aided by an unusually dry spring, and by the heavy fog in which the attack began. But the great retirement was mainly due to mere want of men. The amazing gallantry and self-sacrifice of isolated groups fighting in the mist were of little avail against the overwhelming odds. As Haig says, "In the first place, the forces at the disposal of the Fifth Army were inadequate to meet and hold an attack in such strength." Day after day for a whole week the armies were forced back over some thirty-five to forty miles of ground, until the enemy's guns were able to pour shell into Amiens itself, and Albert fell. On the 26th, Foch took supreme command; next day Rawlinson was recalled to his former command of the Fourth Army, and the Fifth Army was gradually withdrawn. But the actual danger was not over till the end of the first week in April.

THE second part of the Despatch is occupied with the next great effort of the enemy—the attack upon the northern sector in an attempt to reach the Channel ports. It resulted, as all know, in our retirement from Armentières, Estaire, Merville, Messines, Bailleul, Passchendaele, Mount Kemmel and the valley of the Lys nearly up to Hazebrouck. Here, as in the south, the French came to our assistance, but it was not till the end of April that the assault was stayed. We may read of such things calmly now, but at the same time the peril was extreme, and the Allied cause was saved by what Haig rightly calls the "sheer tenacity and determination of purpose" displayed by the British infantryman. Many examples of his astonishing courage and resource are narrated, none more remarkable than the stand of the 55th Division on April 9th near La Bassée, the rapid formation of the so-called "Carey's Force" in defence of the district south of the Somme, and the self-sacrifice of 100 men of the 61st Brigade at Le Quesnoy, when only eleven came out alive. Of course the high services of the Australians and New Zealanders are not forgotten, and in conclusion the Field Marshal writes in eloquent praise of all the branches of the Army under his command. As we said, it is easy to read the story with calmness now, but it is the plain narrative of events which nearly resulted in the most appalling disaster that ever befell our arms and in the ruin of the Allied cause. A strict inquiry will have to determine where the blame lay. Evidently it did not lie with the armies in the field or their Commander.

GREAT is the power of the vote. Only 25 members of the House of Commons could be mustered, against 274, to oppose Mr. Herbert Samuel's proposal to make women eligible to sit in Parliament. An anti-suffragist put the motion, and Mr. Asquith, once the chief of the anti-suffragists, supported it. There is nothing to be said against it, or against the further proposal, whenever it is made, to give them seats in the Cabinet. If women are to elect, they should be elected; if they are elected for a National Committee such as the House of Commons, they should also be elected for the Committee of the Committee which we call the Ministry. The debate in the House was in the main an electoral manoeuvre, but it is a useful reminder of where power resides. A man's and woman's Parliament may even contrive to get rid of 40 D.

## Politics and Affairs.

### WHY PEACE MUST COME.

"Perhaps you do not realise, few in England do, that we have gained a military victory during the last two months and the German Army is beat. It only now remains for those who are not fighting—to stop."

"I am convinced that Germany is now in a very different frame of mind to what she has ever before experienced, and that she will meet us in every way so long as we do not impose terms intended to insult the honour of a beaten foe. If only an armistice, which must necessarily include the rapid and immediate evacuation of all occupied territories and Alsace-Lorraine—the latter not to prejudice subsequent negotiations but merely as a token of victory and a hostage for behaviour till Peace is signed—is satisfactorily arranged, the Conference which sits to arrange actual terms of peace on the basis of Wilson's proposals, and whose declared object is once and for all to make War impossible, cannot begin its work by permitting the War to break out afresh."

"I am, myself, confident that we shall get peace this year, provided people at home will only be reasonable and realise that we have 'smashed the Hun' and have obtained our 'military victory.'"—*Extract from a letter from a Staff Officer who has been on Active Service from the beginning of the War.*

"We have had a letter from a Sergeant in France who describes the joy of the troops at the belief that the war is practically over. That was after the demand from Berlin to Wilson. Poor fellows! They don't know what dark forces are at work."—*Letter from a Naval Officer at home.*

THE armies and the people of this country have this week learned that it is not enough to win a war in order to secure a peace. As the issue of the most fearful struggle the world has ever known, the greatest and most heroic armies it has ever seen embattled have decided the question which is the conqueror and which the conquered. The fact is attested in the most dramatic military advance in human history. One side, which is our side, is everywhere advancing; the other side, which is his side, is everywhere in retreat. The political issue is still more clearly determined. Terms are proposed to him involving the surrender of all his conquests and the appearance of a totally new European order. He accepts them. In sign of his acceptance he is called on to withdraw his armies within his own frontiers. He agrees. He is justly reproached with his conduct of the war. He offers to amend it. He is warned, in measured terms, that his adversaries will deal only with a popular form of government. In earnest of his consent, he hastens to endow his Reichstag with an authority such as neither Parliament nor Congress has exercised since the war began. So that pride no less than power may have its fall, he announces the change in language of studied humility. The Power that thus addresses its enemy has in effect surrendered its sword to him. We debate the terms of an armistice; and President Wilson is right in saying that it must give Germany no power of resuming the war after she has accepted a peace. But what is broken is broken. Military Germany is sick to death, and only a miracle can restore her.

This miracle must not happen. Civilian folly cannot be allowed to undo what the valor of the soldiers has accomplished. King Albert may have his kingdom back to-morrow, and Serbia get all, and more than all, her own again. The early material objects of the war will thus have been realized, and with them the later and more reasonable claims of French and Italian Nationalism. Its moral purpose was to destroy a single reckless ambition, and subject it to a common reign of law. That, too, has been attained by the enemy's confes-

sion of defeat and his acceptance of the League of Nations, no less than by the overwhelming advantage we hold by land and sea, by our economic hold, by the prestige that gathers round a victorious Power and deserts a beaten one, and by the moral needs of the hour. Only one thing remains unsatisfied. Germany is beaten but not destroyed. Unslaked hatred, anger, just and unjust, the promptings of mean spirits, and the impulses of generous ones, all will her destruction and would drive us on to accomplish it. These forces confuse our counsels, and prompt statesmanship to overstay its tide. They speak through a press so light-minded that we sometimes wonder that fire from Heaven does not, in mercy to the sons of men, descend on its myriad deceptions and consume them. Are they to prevail? Only through an abnegation of duty, a lack of common sense and feeling, such as we refuse to charge to our statesmanship and that of America. There is one feature of this war which distinguishes it from the mass of its predecessors. That is the unparalleled area of the ruin it has caused, and the enormity of its social peril. Otherwise there is no reason why it should not be ended like the other wars by a compact between the opposing Governments. For the last hundred years this has been the sequel of all the great international contests—the Crimean War, the Franco-Austrian War, the Prusso-Austrian War, the Russo-Turkish War, and the Franco-German War. In this case, the Alliance has made a claim, chiefly through the mouth of America, for the introduction of a new kind of German government. There Germany must speak for herself. But if she is reasonable, every hour spent in war is an hour lost to humanity. We would supersede the reign of pure force, first because it was indubitably the foundation of the chief enemy State; and, secondly, because the civilized world can no longer sustain it and live. But its continuance in the shape of war is in itself an incalculable danger. Plague and Famine have begun their desolating reign in Eastern Europe. Anarchic Socialism already holds sway there. The Allies have pledged themselves to destroy the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Germany herself is on the road to great and probably revolutionary change. We cannot ignore her effort and the new Government which the victories of the Allies and Mr. Wilson's call for a democratic Germany have in effect created. Nor can we brand her conversion to Parliamentarism as hypocrisy because it is so quick, and as a sham because it is so little and so slow. We agree with the President that Germany deserves this distrust. Nor do we pretend that so long as the Federal Council and the Prussian Constitution remain unaltered, and the Kaiser can declare a "defensive" war without consulting the Reichstag, the new political order in Germany is complete. But it is our argument that the spirit of our institutions is a cure for her complaint. If now we deny even a hearing to the half-democracy which is all that we or any other Western nation have attained, there is always a whole democracy in reserve. Bolshevism is on her doorstep. It is the child of a revolutionary soldiery. There are millions to come back to her, and to every belligerent State. If our Never-Endians have their way, they will not return till the war-music has risen to its full consummation of hatred and despair. *That is not an end which statesmen can impose on another people without apprehension of what may happen to their own.*

It is to this essential wisdom of the hour that Lord Milner has directed the mind of our people in his now famous interview in the "Evening Standard." Lord Milner looks to the critical point of this tremendous controversy, and he is anxious—as every honest and sensible



man must be anxious—that the Allies should make the most of it. That is the moment when Germany fully realizes that the system which promised her world-power has yielded her only “ruin and humiliation.” Doubtless, as he says, she was never in love with militarism; she was only in love with its fruits. All the more reason, therefore, now that complete disillusion has come, to see to it that the German people do not either sink into anarchy and despair or re-attach themselves to the military party as their only refuge from national destruction. That is the double peril which waits on what Lord Milner and Mr. Wilson agree on describing as “revengeful diplomacy.” Revenge, and the ruin that comes of revenge, is the diplomacy of the Allied Press. President Wilson’s reply to the German Note shows that it is not the policy of his Government. Mr. George turned his back on it when he told the trade-union leaders that our policy was not to destroy Germany’s future, but to “turn her aside from the hopes and schemes of military domination.”

If that purpose holds, let our statesmen examine their consciences and the military map in the light of it. The second will tell them what has happened to German militarism and to the many-colored dream of power it signified to the coarser imagination of the German people. The first should instruct them in what they owe to the world no less than to their own countrymen, to the millions of dead, and to the living armies whose prodigies of valor and endurance have at last carried them to a triumphant issue of the war. The events of the past fortnight have brought a rational expectation of peace to millions of men and women in Europe. If the cup is withheld now, there will be a heavy reckoning with the journalists and politicians who dashed it from their lips. Never was there more unrest in the world, or a deeper disturbance of those simple pieties that the soul is accustomed to live by. Never, therefore, were statesmen more clearly bound to seize the first chance to restore Europe to normal ways of living. They have taken, under American guidance, a right and even a noble way of restoration. In his final Note the President calls on both parties to accept the principles of his peace. If each agrees, all will be well. But woe to all of us if in their turn the fourteen points and all the larger and more disinterested projects of the Allies become scraps of paper, and the mean spirit of profit, the evil spirit of revenge, are permitted to corrode the peace and prolong the war.

#### IF ENGLAND PLAYS TRUE.

A WEEK ago one could say confidently that the long and terrible battle between Might and Right had ended with the victory of Right. With the President’s last Note before us, we hope it still; but no one in his senses can deny that the battle is now in danger of being lost again. The forces both of folly and wickedness are at work to confuse men’s minds. At a moment when the destiny of the world for generations depends upon our coolness of judgment and our undiminished sense of equity, every device of an unscrupulous press is being used to make chaos of our dawning sanity. Of these, the worst is the confusion between terms of armistice and terms of peace. It may be a rational precaution to demand complete surrender, or such real guarantees as are equivalent to it, as the condition of the military armistice. That, we admit, is a matter for the military and naval authorities of the Entente to decide,

though even in their own province they should be called upon to consult political expediency. But such military surrender is not, and cannot be, unconditional surrender. The conditions of peace on which Germany would surrender, if surrender she did, are fixed. They are contained in the fourteen points of President Wilson and his subsequent public explanations of, or additions to, those points.

The demand that has been raised for unconditional surrender is not, therefore, a demand for military submission. It is a demand that Germany should submit to unknown terms of peace. To make this demand now is to employ towards Germany the methods which Germany employed towards Russia when she forced the treaty of Brest-Litovsk upon her, and which our own Prime Minister has repudiated. Those who make it are acting as the German military autocracy acted then. Just as the Reichstag then put forward the formula “no annexations and no indemnities,” President Wilson has put forward the fourteen points. Just as Russia accepted the Reichstag formula, Germany has accepted the fourteen points. Just as the German military autocracy allowed that acceptance to dissolve the moral resistance of Russia, the Entente Governments have allowed Germany’s acceptance of the fourteen points to weaken the moral resistance of Germany. Just as the German High Command refused to declare itself bound by the Reichstag formula, the extremists of the Entente refuse to admit themselves bound by the fourteen points. Have we good reason to believe that the parallel will not prove itself exact down to the uttermost consequences? Have we given the German people reason to believe that it will not fare exactly as Russia has fared?

Against such a fate Germany has no guarantee save in her own military strength. We could have the military surrender of Germany to-morrow if we proclaimed our solemn acceptance of the fourteen points. But every effort is being made to make it appear that we will not pay the price. What will German democrats conclude from Mr. Balfour’s refusal to admit the least discussion on the vital question whether our terms of peace are the same as those of President Wilson? He is likely to draw one conclusion: that the fourteen points, with the guarantees which they contain of a tolerable future for a Germany—humiliated indeed, but not strangled—are a delusion. He may say to himself that they are the Reichstag formula of the Entente, and that he has no choice but to fight on till utter and complete exhaustion.

Let us be quite clear as to the actual consequences of the folly of demanding that Germany should surrender to unknown terms. The Independent Socialists in Germany have already proclaimed that they will support a war of “defence enforced by necessity.” They will surrender to the fourteen points; to demands which go beyond them they will not surrender. If the Independent Socialists are forced to line up in national defence, the war will become a war of annihilation. There is little doubt that if the armies of the Entente consent to fight and President Wilson allows the American armies to be used in this employment, Germany will be beaten in the end. We may even trample our way to Berlin as the German armies trampled their way into Russia. And the similarity may be yet more exact. Lord Milner plainly thinks that the Germany we shall then meet will be a Bolshevik Germany. It will not disintegrate under the pressure of the forces of political discontent. There will be none, if even the Independent Socialists are forced to admit the necessity of a war of defence. It will give

way before the powers of anarchy, and the excesses of a starved and maddened proletariat.

One would have said that every reasonable man would shrink from such a consummation. Yet when Lord Milner most cautiously suggested that even from considerations of the most severely practical expediency anarchy in Germany was undesirable, his words were smothered by the Northcliffe Press. It revealed them only after four days, while the "Times" correspondents were collecting "evidence" with which the leader-writers could, with an appearance of objectivity, assert that Lord Milner was misguided. Now, Lord Northcliffe in person denounces Lord Milner's "Lansdownisms." If any man of authority dares to suggest that any action of a reformed German Government might conceivably be something other than the basest trickery, slander and contumely is his portion. Whether the voice of sanity will ever be heard, we do not know; but we do know that if it is not heard now the world will be rushed into disaster.

For, though we believe that Germany would surrender completely to the fourteen points, we are no less convinced that her resistance to a peace of manifest injustice will be stubborn. Germany is not an artificial unity. The German Empire was and is essentially a natural formation. Bismarck indeed facilitated this natural process, and warped its subsequent development; but when the internal constraints and irritations are removed, as they are being removed, external shock may finally tend not to disrupt but to make Germany more homogeneous. It may, as Lord Milner's protest suggests, be to the interest of evil-disposed persons among us to represent all German political reforms as a "sham," but the fact is that as far as they go they are real. A Germany that has abolished the three-class Prussian franchise and has replaced it with the equal franchise, will be able to evacuate Belgium and yet put up a desperate fight. The reform of the Prussian franchise is certain now. The Prussian House of Lords has been compelled to restore the Government Bill in its entirety, and to strike out all the vicious "amendments" imposed by the reactionary majority in the Diet. By the same pressure of events, the Conservative Party in the Diet has been compelled to announce that it will vote for the Government Bill. The reform of the Prussian franchise alone is a guarantee that the Prussian Junkers will never again be able to dominate the Empire. Even if the Federal Council were to remain with undiminished powers, the decisive fourteen Prussian votes would henceforth be cast as the people of Prussia desired.

If we leave the moral question entirely on one side, from motives of mere expediency we should be on our guard against dismissing the domestic reforms which are now being pressed through in Germany as though they were an elaborate camouflage. The satisfaction of these demands for reform at home, and the public adoption of President Wilson's terms of peace are, no matter what our hysterical Jingoists may say, the political foundations of a new Germany which Western Democracy has laid. To the altar of this new Germany the people might well be willing to bring the sacrifice of complete military surrender. If they knew that President Wilson's terms were really our terms, and if they had reason to believe that any remnant of arbitrary power stood in the way of an unequivocal submission to them, the arbitrary power would be removed. But the German nation, though a misled nation, is not a small one. The sacrifices which it will make to a common ideal it may not make to the good pleasure of an enemy. And if we yield to bad counsels we are in danger of falsifying our end. Even by

the German standard of official honor Mr. George is absolutely committed to make good his declaration that the Germans can have peace at any moment by accepting President Wilson's terms. Yet newspaper after newspaper is allowed to declare openly that England has many points of her own to add to the President's fourteen, and not a word of denial comes from any official quarter, while Mr. Balfour impounds in a sentence millions of square miles of Colonial territory. Compare this with what has recently happened in Germany. On the day after the first German note was sent to President Wilson the "Kölnische Zeitung" said that Germany had only accepted the fourteen points as a basis of negotiation. They had not been and would not be accepted as terms of peace. Immediately, an official statement was published in the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," saying not only had Germany accepted the fourteen points without reserves, but also that such attempts to make the German attitude appear ambiguous as that of the "Kölnische" were harmful and unpatriotic to the last degree. To-day, in England, we can find more than one parallel to the "Kölnische." Let us hope we shall find some to the "Norddeutsche"!

Germany is beaten, but she is not yet prostrate. She has great reserves of national strength, which only the criminal ambition of her ruling caste have hitherto prevented her from drawing upon. The Prussia of Stein and Hardenberg has wandered after strange gods for many years. But the signs of a moral revulsion have come. The casting out of a devil left the sick man strong, and after the moral revulsion will come an accession of moral strength. As virtue enters into the German people do not let it depart from us. We may be persuaded that if the war of justice is allowed to continue as a war of injustice, Germany may temporarily fall a prey to anarchy. But the process will be a long one, and the unprofitable creation of chaos will have cost innumerable lives.

#### THE DOOM OF AUSTRIA.

Two rival schools have contended throughout this war for the guidance of our relations with Austria. For one of them (Austria) was even more decidedly the enemy than Germany. Germany might suffer heavy territorial losses and a diminution of prestige and power as the result of our victory, but she would still emerge a united and potentially great nation. For Austria there could be no quarter. Her fate must be total dismemberment. Whether her chief offence was that the main road to the East lies across her territory or that she held many races in uneasy subjection we are not quite sure. The other school saw the chief, if not the only enemy, in the Prussian ruling caste. It would have dealt easily with Austria after the change at the seat of power which followed the old Emperor's death. It would have detached her from the Central European Alliance, and even if she could not or would not make a separate peace, she might still be induced by friendly handling to drive her Ally into surrender. This school would, of course, have insisted on a complete federal reconstruction, and that, since the Emperor Karl's accession, was undoubtedly the policy of himself and his Ministers. If there lingered a fear that a regenerated Austria with a free Slav majority might still remain the tool of Prussian military policy, the answer lay in Mr. Wilson's most recent definitions of the League of Nations. It must exclude all partial alliances; it must rest on a measure of general disarmament. Assume these conditions, and



there seemed no reason to fear that Austria must continue to move in the orbit of Berlin. Throughout 1917 both British and American statesmanship seemed to be under the influence of this second school. Detaching Austria was one of the accepted expedients for winning the war. Mr. Balfour went out of his way to reassure this "ancient monarchy." Mr. Lloyd George, in his address to Labor, emphatically disclaimed the policy of dismemberment. President Wilson early in this year declared for an "autonomous development."

Mr. Wilson's Note of this week to Austria makes a sharp breach with these counsels of moderation. He declares for dismemberment, and the Note seems to mean (we hope it does not) that Austria-Hungary can never hope for formal peace. At the best she may hope to expire easily. Though he speaks, as usual, only for himself, we imagine that his decision is also that of the British and French Foreign Offices. The history of the change would make a curious study. Did it begin with M. Clemenceau's rash handling of the Emperor Karl's letter? Does it reflect the sudden and accidental importance of the Tchecho-Slovak legion in Russia? Is the dismemberment of Austria the price for the destruction of the Soviets? Or have we here merely the effect of sedulous propaganda upon the *tabula rasa* of American public opinion? Whatever be the cause, the doom of Austria-Hungary has been pronounced by the reversal of a former opinion on the part of a very small number of statesmen, none of whom know the problem at first hand. The sudden announcement of Mr. Wilson's changed views cannot fail to have an unfortunate effect on the working out of a general peace. We have no hint of it in his recent speeches. When he pointedly asked the German Government whether it accepted his fourteen points as the actual basis of peace, it would have been natural then to warn it that he proposed himself to depart from one of these points. To us and to Americans it may not seem an article of the first importance. For Germans it means much more. The apparent raising of the terms without warning in the hour of victory may weaken their democrats. For ourselves we can only hope that though there must be a certain elasticity of interpretation of the fourteen points, those of them which promise a tolerable future for a clearly changed and regenerated Germany will not prove to be fluid. The other belligerents have not yet adopted them: will Mr. Wilson himself adhere to them? An American President may seem to be an elected autocrat, but he too may have to bend to public opinion.

On the merits of the question we have seen no reason to change our opinion. We have never believed that any ideal solution was practicable in the Danubian area. Migration and geography have made here a problem for mankind which only superhuman wisdom and charity could solve. There are admittedly two sets of ends to be attained. Somehow these many races must manage to live together, to use the few ports, the one great river, and the good railway system which they now share, to avoid internecine war, and to escape tariff feuds. On the other hand, each race must have full self-government. To lay stress on the first set of ends leads to federalism on a basis of a full autonomy. To stress the second end leads to dismemberment, and then raises the problem of creating some kind of external union. Either solution might be tolerable if it were well conducted. The early difficulty about Federalism was to believe that Germans and Magyars would ever so far abandon their claims to ascendancy as to make a workable federal State. Defeat had done much to tame

German pride. In Austria we think that a fairly good solution was in sight. The latest of many schemes put forward by the distracted Imperial Government, gives to Bohemia, German Austria, Illyria (Yugo-Slavia), and a Ruthenian (Ukrainian) unit, autonomy qualified only by a common system of defence, foreign policy, and customs. The Poles are to join the independent kingdom. This could only be an instalment, because it leaves Hungary untouched. There the Magyar domination is still unbroken, and nothing short of civil war or foreign pressure would induce the guardians of the Holy Crown of St. Stephen to part with the Slovak country, which ought to be joined to Bohemia, or with the Croat and Serb lands, which ought to go to Illyria. As an instalment, however, the scheme is a good one. It even leaves the elected deputies of each racial unit to act as a constituent assembly.

None the less this scheme has made no impression whatever on the racial passions of these peoples. The Tchechs will not allow the compact German populations on the edges of Bohemia to join the neighboring German-Austrian lands. We have before us the last speech of the leader of the Tchech parties in the Reichsrat. Mr. Stanck opened with the amusing boast that it was "solely owing" to the Tchech Legion in France that "the heart of France, Paris, and her principal harbor, Calais, had not fallen a prey to the Germans." He went on to demand that "the front of the three Slav States" (Poland, Bohemia, and Great Serbia) must "reach from Danzig by way of Prague to the Adriatic." Evidently the extravagant Tchech claim for a "corridor" of subject Austro-German territory, to connect Bohemia with the South Slav State, is still a part of the official Tchech claim. One smiles at the statesmanship which can propose to carve a single "front" through West Prussia and the purely German regions of Austria. We do not suppose that Mr. Wilson, though he has accepted the Committee of Tchech exiles in Paris as his authorised spokesmen in dealing with Austria, endorse such a claim as this. Dismemberment means that the German minority in Bohemia (35 per cent.) will have to live under the rule of Chauvinists like Mr. Stanck. Federal Austria, with the present Hapsburg at its head, is at least a formula which secures some decency in the treatment of minorities, and a rational policy for internal trade communications. If once the Hapsburg Empire-Kingdom is broken up, we have no great faith in the ability of the disconnected units to form, without a nucleus, that "Danubian Federation" of which some Slav Socialists talk. To begin with, it is clear already from the articles of Viennese Press, both Socialist and middle-class, that if Austria breaks up, the Germans would rather join Germany than trust themselves within some speculative new formation, dominated by the Slavs. If our watchword be really self-determination, we cannot object to that. How far Allied public opinion will enjoy the spectacle of a German Empire that would thus actually gain in population and extent as the result of the war, is a question which may exercise the curious.

No one will be found to speak a regretful funeral oration over the Dual Monarchy. Though we believe that Austria, in a feckless and inert way, had aimed at toleration and had adapted herself to circumstances in some measure in the last generation, there is no good word to be said of Hungary. The Magyar aristocrats, far more than the Hapsburgs, have destroyed this strange political creation. The old *mot*, "if Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent her," serves to sum up the new problem that will confront us. How

is a modicum of racial peace, fiscal reason, and economic unity to be provided for this big area with twelve races and only two good ports? What chance is there, to begin with, of a fair partition, with the secret treaties in the way? Even the fairest partition must leave big Ulsters in nearly every liberated State. The advocates of dismemberment invoke the League of Nations. The League does not yet exist. Its Councils, its principles, its traditions, have all to be formed. In this experimental stage, it is to be judge, arbiter, and executive to settle the hundred questions which will arise over language rights, school rights, ports, railways, and tariffs. Here it must perform the moral miracle of being "just to those to whom we do not wish to be just," for even Germans and Magyars must be allowed the right to live on this planet. Then it must intervene between Allies, and act as judge between Romans and Serbs, and Italians and Serbs. It will make itself hated by all the Jingoists of all these races in turn, and with the best will to be impartial the fallible human statesmen who act for it will be elderly gentlemen, who heard for the first time midway in the war of the Tchecho-Slovaks, and then mixed up them hopelessly in their speeches and official Notes with "Slavs" and Yugo-Slavs. Can Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans go meddling in this unfamiliar chaos without aggravating the disorder? Either they know nothing or else they give both ears to the spokesmen of one race. The League is to play providence to Austria and the Balkans. Socialists invoke it as the alternative to the Imperialistic partition of Turkey. The champions of the African native propose it as the Overlord of the Tropics.

For our part we agree, in principle, though with the reservation that the burden must not be too sudden or too great. We want a settlement which guarantees itself, which means in this connection an arrangement on the Danubian area which would involve the League only in the last extremity. That could be got by Federation and not otherwise. As the prospect now stands, we seem to be committed to an Allied occupation of the whole Austro-Hungarian area, which will have to endure until stable, self-governing, self-policing States can be created. Without such occupation, and even with it, there is no certainty that the line of cleavage will follow purely racial lines. Everywhere on the Continent a Bolshevik movement is simmering. If the whole fabric of authority has first been broken by shattering, dismembering settlements, the social explosion will take place the more easily. The remedy of using Allied troops to police half the Continent of Europe would only, by reason of its expense and the discontent of the men baulked of their expected return to their homes, tend to spread the discontent. A Note dismembering Austria can be written in a few minutes. The consequences may have lasting and unwelcome reactions on European civilization.

#### THE POST-WAR BUSINESS STATE.

No passage in Mr. Asquith's Manchester speech evoked more enthusiastic approval than that announcing "the restoration of liberty, complete, unfettered, and at the earliest possible moment as the gateway of the future." All his listeners, as business men, citizens, and householders, have long been feeling the extravagant vagaries of Dora an almost intolerable strain upon their patriotism. Politicians who are taking the pulse of their constituencies with a view to the impending election are well aware that no pledge is more popular than that which binds them to work for the immediate removal of the clumsy hands of officialdom from the levers of business enterprise. The sources of the suspicion and exasperation at State interference are not always clearly recognized. In large part, no doubt, the objection is to any encroachment of the State upon what hitherto have been the large free fields of profitable private enterprise,

the strong survival of the *laissez faire* principle with which the rise of the modern industrial prosperity of this country has been so closely associated. Able business men, conscious of energy and initiative, are naturally resentful of State restrictions and controls, and easily believe that the bustling competition in which they excel is more advantageous to the community than the slow and cramping routine of bureaucracy.

But there is much more than this charge of incompetency in the resentment at War Socialism. It is not so much officialism as such but the *personnel* and methods of the temporary war-bureaucracy that excite the animosity of business men. In each of the controls which Dora and the Munition Acts have established a number of pushful business men have been placed temporarily in positions of authority over their trade competitors. They are thus enabled, if they please, to get a secret inside knowledge of rival businesses and of future openings for their own enterprise. The fact that this was unavoidable in the hasty improvisation of Controls does not render it less galling. Every shrewd employer in a controlled trade is full of instances of priorities, pulls, and privileges "wangled" by these war-bureaucrats. The permanent staff of our civil services press another line of criticism. They charge the strong-willed business autocrat, suddenly transferred from private profiteering to public service, with a total disability to adjust the focus of his intelligence and outlook to his new position. Many errors of judgment and failures of forecast are without doubt attributable mainly to this disability, and are not inherent in officialdom as such.

Taking all these errors and abuses together, it is undeniable that the reputation of the State has suffered heavily. The first thought of everybody is to get back as near as possible to the pre-war State. But how near is it possible? That is the second thought which must confront us. Liberty is the first and the governing idea in business as in private conduct. But economic liberty hinges upon effective competition. This is the gospel of that Manchesterism which doubtless survives from the great Victorian days in the minds of many of Mr. Asquith's readers. Some of them may, however, not have given due heed to the important qualification which he introduced in his "second principle," that of "the subordination of special interests and the privilege of particular classes to the general good." Translated into concrete business terms, this means that, when either the nature of a trade or industry, or the evolution it has undergone, removes it from the category of competitive business and bestows on it the character of a monopoly, some measure of public control is essential in the interest of the consuming public or of other trades dependent on it. The Liberal Federation did not show itself blind to this modification of the older Liberalism. It realized that, at any rate in the case of the railways and the coal mines (and Mr. Asquith himself added the supply of light and power and the drink traffic), the need for public control is irresistible.

But it is tolerably clear that there are other important branches of business in which an immediate removal of State control will not be practicable. Everybody knows that the national and international control of sea-transport and of the distribution of certain raw materials may be essential to the public safety for several years to come. But after that emergency is over, can we then do away with all the other governmental interference? The answer to this question depends largely upon the measure in which war policy will be found permanently to have modified, first, the structure of certain trades; secondly, the general conception of what the Government can and ought to do in the way of economic control. Now the organization of business during war has encouraged and facilitated the processes of association and combination that previously were advancing in most organized industries. Even before the war our great metal, textile, and other manufactures were honeycombed with rings, conferences, associations of different sorts, partly for dealing with labor, partly for regulating prices, partly for apportionment of markets or for legislative protection. War



control has carried this art of combination a good deal further, and has fastened upon the leading firms in most vital industries a habit of common action which cannot wholly disappear with the urgent national need for it. The new Whitley Councils, which are springing up in scores of trades, will have a double influence in the same direction. They will virtually compel all the employers to come into a close association applicable to all common trade interests, and they will bring out the community of interests which organized capital and labor in any single trade have in controlling that trade so as to fix prices on a high-profit, high-wage level.

In a word, combination will largely displace competition as the principle of trade activity. This must raise important issues in which the State will have to take some part. Railways are only the advance guard in a movement common to many of our developed trades. The discovery of the economies of combination for buying and for selling, and for steady prices upon a profitable level, is everywhere penetrating the mind of live business men. These practices are not necessarily detrimental to the public. But their abuses clearly need control, and that control the consuming public can only exercise through the State. For the notion of some guildsmen, that the abuses of strong industrial combinations could be eliminated by the balance of power in some purely industrial Congress or Parliament endowed with supreme settlement of economic issues, will not bear close examination. At any rate, it belongs to a political world far removed from that in which we have to live. The practical problem for our time will be to devise for the State effective controls over the new emerging combinations or monopolies which will not unduly interfere with freedom of initiative and development. It is not a hopeless task. But it plainly demands a scrapping of some old prejudices against public action. It ought to be possible, for example, by a combined national and local control of the supply and distribution of electricity to feed legitimate and useful private enterprise as well as furnish cheap and efficient power for directing public services. So also with the development in public hands of the transport and the credit systems of the country. These common sources of business power ought to be at the equal disposal of capable and adventurous business men for carrying on new or genuinely competing businesses of a nature not fitted for public services and not needing close Governmental surveillance. To discover by experiment the new and ever-changing balance of economies in this co-operation between public and private business enterprise amid the ever-growing technology of industry constitutes a leading duty for those who would realize the true significance of that dubious expression, "a business government." It will require the sloughing of many preconceived ideas and a willingness of statesmen to incur some risks in moving from the pre-war to the post-war State.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THERE is to be no peace. Lord Northcliffe has said so, and though Lord Milner, the Minister for War, thinks the contrary, no one would measure his mind and knowledge against the founder of "Answers." The soldiers have won a great war in such an Iliad of heroism as (though their mothers and fathers have not been allowed to know anything about it) all the war-books that have ever been written do not contain. Well, they must go on winning it all over again. Germany is turning her Constitution upside down to please us and Mr. Wilson, and as evidence of her sense that she is beaten. But it suits the Never-Endians to say that all our travail goes for nothing, and that she is still in the hands of the Junkers. That is the pearl of price that

one gets for searching in the shot rubbish of senility that chokes the Never-Endian Press. Germany accepts the fourteen points; her acceptance is insincere, thinks the "Westminster." Maybe; but the point that we must also accept them, so that if we make a firm offer and Germany plays with it we have her down and out, is a matter which does not seem to disturb its fine intelligence. Nevertheless, I venture to say that candor is just as priceless a quality in our diplomacy as in his, and those who grudge every young life that may be thrown needlessly away should make it their business to straighten out our politics, as our soldiers have flattened out the German defence.

FOR we have now at last reached the point when every man of conscience must put to himself the great question of whether any more fighting is necessary. Nearly all wars go on too long; that is their horrible character. With the best will in the world it is hard to stop them; war-machinery is a tremendous affair, and the feeling behind it springs from one of the two deepest passions in man's heart. What then must be the difficulty of stopping this war, when the enemy has fought so cruelly, and the whole earth is in it? You ask for something a little above average human nature; and as far as one can see, the world of politics and journalism is mostly peopled with beings who stand well beneath it. But at least one can search for firm ground and stay on it. Does Mr. George's speech of July 5th, with its endorsement of the American terms, hold good? If not, why not? Do the Secret Treaties stand in its way? Are the Allies agreed? Do they refuse both the German offer to accept the Fourteen Points and a statement of terms? And if they do, what effect must such a double refusal produce upon the spirit of the German resistance? These questions are not academic; they are vital, and the lives of scores of thousands of our boys hang upon them. And Mr. Wilson has clinched the whole matter by submitting the armistice to the Allies in the event of their agreeing to his terms.

LORD MILNER's position is, of course, as difficult as the extremists can make it. He is attacked at home and abroad, and (as usual) the Government does not defend him. Yet I find it stoutly affirmed that he gave his statement to the "Evening Standard" with the Prime Minister's knowledge and consent, and it is more than a coincidence that the "Times" should publish a string of moderate sentiments from Mr. George's speeches in close harmony with those of Mr. Wilson. Thus the hope of a reasonably early peace, though it burns low, is by no means extinguished. I am even assured that our terms have been put into shape, and that they are not unreasonable. Peace is everybody's interest, and the Germans, being quite hopeless of victory, pursue it with the same methodical tenacity with which they wage the war. And once started negotiations tend to roll on. We shall (quite properly) suggest stiffish terms for an armistice. The Germans will reject them and propose others, and so on, each party gradually approaching the other. Meanwhile they moderate the vileness of their warfare (they will have at once to repatriate every man and woman their slave-raiders stole away), and as the Prusso-German constitution changes and the democracy gets control, the better kind of governing man comes to the front. Then finally Mr. Wilson is satisfied, and announces that he can deal. Will Mr. George resist? I doubt it. Differences there are. The Prime Minister's flatterers

try to make bad blood between him and the President, and Mr. Garvin chatters of a "British programme." Also, British opinion, Liberal as well as Tory, stumbles at the phrase "freedom of the seas," and has hardly begun to think out the implications of a League of Nations. Still, as the war-Juggernaut rolls on, and hard-hearted old men shut the door of life in the face of their children, the breath of a new conception begins to stir the thought of the world. Who can stay it?

MEANWHILE, there is a factor of which we cannot fail to take account. The Army does not expect the peace tenders to fail. Its feeling is natural. It has been the arm of the great offensive, as the military genius of Foch was its spirit. The Government have somehow neglected to inform the country of that trifling fact. But it exists. The deciding victory of the war was probably won at Cambrai, and the British Army won it. It was one of the most terrible encounters of the struggle. The losses were great, but so was the triumph. The German resistance was never more tenacious; and the men who passed through that hell of fire and came out victors hate to be told of Germans yielding like sheep or melting away in sheep-like retreats. Every prisoner taken in the fights round Cambrai—and there were stacks of them—was dearly won. As for the following pursuit, even the English of the special correspondent can barely strip a feather from the wings of its glory. How it was maintained through days and nights of ever-growing fatigues is one of the wonders of the war.

SIR EDWARD FRY will be remembered for one mark of a fine and just, but not expansive character. That was his dislike of reporters. At the Hague Convention he assembled the chief representatives of our Press, and informed them, with rather frigid courtesy, that he had nothing to say to them. The journalists accepted their fate, and did not trouble Sir Edward Fry again. They resorted instead to Marschall von Bieberstein, and that astute gentleman always told them everything they wanted to know. The result was that our case got something less than justice, the German one rather more.

THERE is a quaint story told of the cure of the ex-King Constantine of Greece. He suffered greatly, and a congress of German doctors who sat on his case declared him (apparently with truth) to be suffering from an abscess in the region of the heart. The priests proposed a recourse to one of the most famous of Greek icons—the Virgin of the Peloponnesus. The doctors scoffed; but the king thought it wise to yield, and the sacred emblem was carried in triumph through Athens. The King stooped low to kiss it, and in the act the abscess broke, and the miraculous cure was accomplished.

I SHOWED last week what the "Daily Mail" of 1910 thought of the Kaiser. Mr. Clive Bell now reminds me of what the France of 1870 thought of the "Times":—

"Le ton insolent du 'Times' me révolte plus que les Prussiens."—*Gustave Flaubert à sa nièce Caroline. 14 Octobre, 1870.*

SCENE in train on the South-Eastern Railway.—Never-Ending: "We must dictate peace in Berlin, Sir!" Returned soldier on leave, loaded up with the usual battered helmet, rifle, kit, accoutrements, &c.: "All right, gov'nor; but hadn't you better be getting your boots on? It's a long walk."

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

JOSEPH OF ARAMATHEA buried the body of Jesus in his own tomb. He went to Pilate who gave him an order to take the body from the cross. Pilate was astonished that Jesus had died so soon, and gave the order willingly, and Joseph and Nicodemus and the women brought spices to the tomb and did all that our customs enjoin for the burial of the dead. I went back with Nicodemus to his house, and after that I remember no more for something seemed to break in my head with a great pain, and I lay ill for weeks and knew no one. The summer was waning before I was able to go about my business in the north again.

The evening before I was to set out for Galilee I went to the Garden of Gethsemane. I went by way of the path outside the south wall along which the Temple officials had led Jesus to Caiaphas, and I climbed between the olive trees to where Jesus had stood looking at the sunset. I stopped close to the dry stone wall where I could see all Judea spread out before me. The day had been hot, and a haze hung over the Mountains of Moab and hid their color. The sun had scorched the land and there was no glory in it now. The beauty had gone from the earth.

After a time I turned aside. Why should I stay there? Life was ugly and barren. There was no joy left in it. I crossed the open space where Jesus had gone apart to pray, and passed as he had done, between the twisted boughs of the olives. A narrow track led higher up the mountain, and I followed it, until I came to where the olives ceased, giving place to tall cypresses and a few forest trees. Was it here that Jesus had prayed in his agony? What did it matter? He had been killed in spite of his prayers. What was the good of loving when death came to end all?

I sat down and leaned my head against one of the trees of God. Somehow the touch of the wild tree comforted me. The garden had been planted by man, the olive trees and the dry stone wall were man's work, and man was cruel and stupid. There was no hope in a world ruled by men. But God had made the forest trees.

I lay there for a long time, quieted, marvelling at the strong twist in the trunk of a cypress and the wonder of the grey shadow on its green boughs. The sun was declining and the heat haze still hid the distant mountains. An odd snoring noise had begun somewhere and I listened, half-unconsciously waiting as each long snore ceased for the next to begin. The sound seemed to come from all around me. It could not be a man for there was no man near. A vague curiosity stirred me as to where the noise came from, and soon I rose and went to see. The sound did not cease at the crunch of my footsteps. I went towards an old hollow tree and the snoring grew louder. I looked up into the tree and saw a small owl sitting on a branch above my head. It turned a pinched nose and two dark eyes set in a fluff of pale yellow down, and regarded me. There was no fear about it. It moved its head as a kitten does, and there was a thick wrinkle all down its pale brown neck where the skin and feathers doubled. For a moment it gazed at me with an indifferent curiosity, and then it turned its head away and went on with its snoring. I leant against the tree and watched it, and something smote me in the heart with agony that it should be alive, so young and so quaint, and that Jesus should be dead. It was a little owl. It had not been alive when Jesus died.

As I stood grappling with my misery, I heard a gay voice singing and a woman in the blue clothing of a peasant turned the corner of the path and came towards me. It was Mary Magdalen. I looked at her in amazement. Were all women heartless as all men were cruel? Jesus was dead and the world was black to me, but the sunshine was still golden to her. And she had seemed to love him.

Mary came nearer, and at the sight of my face her song stopped.



"How can you sing, Mary, when Jesus is dead?" I said, and turned to go.

But she caught me by the sleeve.

"Jesus is not dead," she cried, and I stopped short, a wild impossible hope springing upon me.

"What do you mean, Mary? I saw him die."

"And so did I. But I have seen him since," she said.

"Seen him? Are you mad?" I said.

She shook her head.

"You have been ill. You have not heard. Sit down and I will tell you."

So we sat down at the foot of the tree and the little owl snored above us.

"You must see that something has happened," she said. "You cannot think that I could be so callous. I who loved him more than any. Had I not more to love him for?"

Her eyes filled with tears and she put her hand on my arm.

"We harlots have to fend for ourselves. Nobody takes care of us," she said. "Do you know what it means to us, amongst whom love is bought and sold, to have it offered as a gift? Jesus said God cared. Have I not more to love him for than you?"

I sat silent ashamed of my suspicion of her. The impossible hope had died away and I listened sadly.

"I was broken for days after his death. But look at me now. Am I the same woman who stood weeping beneath the cross, hopeless and in misery?"

"What has happened to you, Mary?" I asked. The dullness had settled on me again and I thought she raved.

"I have seen Jesus," she said. "At first I thought it was the gardener. But then I saw that it was Jesus."

"You were dreaming, Mary. You have deceived yourself," I said, but she shook her head and smiled.

"You think I am a wild woman who cannot tell truth from dreams. And I tell you, no, I am not mad. Look at me and see if it is not true."

I looked at her and indeed she seemed quite sane, but her talk was mad.

"You think you saw his spirit?" I asked.

"I suppose it was his spirit," she replied. "But what does it matter what I saw, body or spirit? I saw Jesus alive still, and whereas I was in misery I am now full of joy."

"You have deceived yourself, Mary," I said, again. And she cried out vehemently,

"Could I be happy if Jesus was really dead, if he was only a dreamer and his vision of the kingdom impossible? Others have seen him, too. Men everywhere are asking what has happened to us. When you see Peter and John again you can judge for yourself. Peter is altogether changed. People are asking, 'How have these barbarous and contemptible people suddenly become wise? Who has given them this? How have they been instructed.' Our minds are fervent like a fire that burns. We cannot be unhappy."

"It is only a dream, Mary," I said, dully.

"Would Peter spread the good news with such fire, despising death, for a dream?" she cried. "They say of him that he was born amongst us, and grew up with us, and was feeble of understanding, but that now he is inspired, and men hear from him things that enrich them and make life great and noble. Can this be without the finger of God?"

I threw myself face downwards on the ground. I could not listen to her talk for there was no hope within me, and it broke my heart. Mary touched me gently on the shoulder, and said,

"It does not matter whether you believe that I saw Jesus or dreamed. What matters is that we must spread the news of his kingdom. Cannot a dream alter the face of the world? There is a power within me that forces me to go on, that makes me want to suffer everything for everybody. What matter how it came? Shall I not yield to it? And you, too, when it comes to you?"

And she went away and left me there under the tree of God.

It was in Galilee, on the mountain where I had first heard Jesus teach, that hope came back to me. After a hard day's work I had wandered away from the village, and climbed the mountain and sat looking down on the great plain with its vineyards and olive gardens, and the thin grey smoke that rose in the air as the women made ready the evening meal. The voices of the children driving the cattle home came from the plain, and far in the distance a cow lowed to its calf and the sheep baaed to their lambs. Darkness was falling but I could not go. The light faded and blackness covered the land. I bowed my head on my arms and sat on, too tired for sleep, too hopeless for pain, too sad for tears. The wild beasts cried aloud in the night but I did not move. All night I sat there, and in the morning came the dawn.

First there came the stillness. No bird cheeped, no wild beast cried aloud. A faint glimmer of light showed the dark masses of the forests on the hills, and the dim, silver line of the sea. The golden light spread and touched the land, and color awoke again in earth and sky. The sun came up behind the mountains and the shadows lay from east to west along the plain. It was then that the vision came to me. I saw nothing, I heard nothing, but as the dawn spread slowly over the land waking the earth to beauty something awoke in my heart. I do not know what it was. I have no words to tell of it. The earth lay before me bathed in a light that men seldom saw, a clear radiance that transfigured each familiar place and gave the world the beauty of a dream. And yet it was still the earth. The forests and moors, the mountains and valleys were the same but another light lay upon them. So it was with my soul. An intense, still joy awoke in my heart, a joy in which there was no shadow of restlessness or disturbance, and the old gay sense of something added to life came back to me. It seemed as though Jesus had watched by me all night and I had not known it. The place was full of his presence. Or was it only that the earth was my healer?

The glory of the vision blinded me and I hid my eyes. There was no death. Each night the beauty of the earth died into darkness, each dawn in wonder the light rose again on it. It was so with the spirit of man. In tribulation and in agony happiness died, but in beauty and glory joy lived again. I rolled over on my face on the coarse mountain grass and lay there thinking. The greatest miracle in the world had happened to me. I had seen the transfiguration in the look of life that an emotion brings. A remembrance of beauty and love and immortal passion, the romance of the earth and of life had hold of me. The smallest, meanest things had gained a power of signifying the greatest, noblest things. The world was full of wonders. Nothing was impossible to love.

The children had begun to drive the cattle out. Their shrill cries rose in the air before I stirred. When I sat up and looked at the earth again it was broad, garish day. The beauty of the world no longer caught my breath away. In the bustle of life my vision must fade, but I did not mind. I had seen the eternal beauty that lies hidden in the commonplace. There was a work to do, and like Peter and the disciples, I must do it, no matter what the cost. I rose to my feet to go back to my village and take up my job again.

[THE END.]

#### IN PROUD MEMORY.

DURING the war the front page of the "Times" has developed a new and mournful interest. The "Agony Column" has been pushed into the centre, and in its former place stands a column of very different anguish. It is headed "In Memoriam," and contains brief records, like the inscriptions upon tombstones, of husbands, sons, or brothers killed in previous years on the date of that day's paper. Month after month the list goes on, always growing longer, for the war has passed four times round the calendar now, and for three months five times round. If the list is unusually long, one may at once conjecture

the anniversary of some particularly heroic action or bloody slaughter, and it is natural that in summer-time it is longest. But if we take only the columns for October, what memories are recalled by the names of the places where these young soldiers died! What history is already written upon them! Let us recall a few of them as they come haphazard—these battles and trench-fightings of October—Loos, Polygon Wood, Hulloch, Ypres, Passchendaele, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, the Aisne, the Somme, Broodseinde, Poelcapelle, Gueudecourt, Arras, Courcellette, the "Quarries," Le Transloy, Contalmaison, Menin, Bapaume, Suvla Bay, East Africa, Salonika; and at sea the names of the "Hawke," the "Strongbow," the "Mary Rose." These are only a few of October's names, but for how many of our people they are marked with lasting and recurrent sorrow! And to those names we must add the phrase "In the Air," for the men who were killed in flight and whose place of death lay among the shifting clouds.

"With tender and grateful thoughts," some of the notices begin, but "In proud and loving memory" is by far the most usual form. Then the name of the man is given, his age, the place where he fell, and the circumstances—"leading his company," or simply "in action." Sometimes a word or two of praise from his commanding officer is added; sometimes his regimental motto. Far more than often, if anything is added, it is a Biblical verse or a line or two of poetry. One father—a Prebendary, whose son was killed near Zonnebeke—writes a Latin inscription, boldly beginning "Miles Pacificus." And it is noticeable how frequently the same texts and verses are repeated. "The path of duty was the way to glory," is naturally a favorite. So are the lines of fond regret:—

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

We think three times, or perhaps four, parts of the following lines are quoted:—

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old,  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn;  
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,  
We will remember them."

Another favorite verse is:—

"Oh, true brave heart, God bless thee  
Whereso'er in His wide universe thou art to-day."

"Those whom the gods love die young"—that is, to be sure, an irresistible consolation, though the real truth is that the gods love them because they die young. For it is as the greater poet said:—

"From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;  
Nor when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

But how piteous and touching, like the Roman epitaphs which counted the very days of a child's life, is a mother's reckoning of her son's age as "Always nineteen!"

And yet it is not really a good thing to die young. It is not good either for the race or for the person; unless indeed we assume Job's pessimism and agree that the day of death is better than the day of birth. The average age of those whose memorial notices appear day by day is about twenty-two. At twenty-two a man of energetic mind and body ought to count upon something between forty and sixty years of active life before him. He is like a ship just launching out from port for her first voyage. The building and equipment are completed at last. Long, arduous, and incessant care has made him what he is. Think of the trouble of birth, travail, suckling, washing, dressing, and putting to sleep which has gone to his formation! And then came schooling, the enormous anxiety of feeding at least three times a day, the bodily development by games and exercises, the apprenticeship to work of one kind or another, perhaps even a certain amount of learning—all those devious paths to decent behavior and fullness of life which we are obliged to sum up under that one dull word, "education." At twenty-two, except in so far as every day of life is education, as a result of all those incalculable

labors, the man stands four-square and individual, ready for that full activity of life which alone is happiness. Unless we assume human life to be an error of creation, and wish to see this little earth given over to the habitation of other kinds of animals than man, it is monstrous to say that a human being had better die at the very beginning of his independent years, and the fruit of all those labors be thrown, as wasted, into his grave.

It is quite true that the recent behavior of our old men does not encourage us to supplicate long life either for ourselves or for our children. As we noticed last week, the letters published by the "Times" clamoring for a perpetual continuance of the war, are remarkable instances of martial senility. On an average, it appeared that the age of the writers was over seventy. It seems to be a law of nature that a man's desire for distinction upon the field varies directly with his years. Our public actuaries should take note of this, though, to be sure, the prowess for the display of which these senile swashbucklers so enthusiastically demand opportunity, is mainly vicarious. Still, it has its effect upon the general life of the population, and in calculations of national longevity, the patriotic zeal with which doddering Abrahams will offer up their sons and grandsons as burnt sacrifices upon the altars of vengeance, has to be reckoned with. To have "given" someone else's son appears to be a boast of pride, though certainly the proudest boast lies in the poet's line, "I made a fortune, and I gave a son."

We do not believe, however, that old age is necessarily bloodthirsty and implacable. In war time the torpid blood may be gently stirred by the excitement of the newspapers, read at the club or before the bedroom fire; and the human sympathies of age may be dulled by isolation or the contemplation due to spiritual things as the soul prepares itself for a better world. But in peace time, when their passions are not so rampant, one has often found quite elderly people tolerant, gracious, and merciful. Far more surprising to us than senile bellicosity is the callousness of many who cannot claim the excuses of old age. The continuance of the war at the present time may be right or may be wrong; but our hearts tell us, and our rulers have told us, that to continue the war for a single day beyond absolute necessity would be a crime of almost unimaginable wickedness. What, then, shall we say of those who discuss that continuance with an air of abstract speculation, just as they might discuss variations upon the Stock Exchange in which they had no personal interest? We can understand why thousands of men and women now engaged upon special war-work may be alarmed at the approach of peace. Many of them have for the first time enjoyed some of the middle-class pleasures of life, and have learnt what a difference such things make. At the peace the employment of thousands will cease, and their future is obscure—obscure, perhaps, even to the Ministry of Reconstruction. We can even understand the anxieties of the war-profiteer lest the dead bodies on which he fattens should cease to be supplied. But the attitude of people who, in frigid aloofness, demand the continuance of the war as though the inevitable sacrifice of incalculable young lives were a matter of indifference, fills us with amazement.

Take as instances the kind of people referred to by Captain St. John Ervine, in our last week's issue—the kind of people who he says collect in seaside hotels and boarding houses, though in fact one meets them in most railway carriages as well. Take the man so comfortable-looking, so puffy, so well-fed, and so—so "out of it" that he seemed not really human. He said he supposed the soldiers got used to cold and mud and water and noise. Take the other who, talking about the noise at the Front, said he did not suppose it was worse than the noise in a big engine-room. Or take the philosophers who repose upon the consolation that, after all, this war is no worse than the Boer War, for, if a man dies it does not much matter how. What callousness is shown in such remarks and reflections! What unimaginative imbecility! The official estimate of casualties may run to 3,000, 5,000, or 7,000 a day. To ascertain the number of dead, it is customary to divide by five. A 5,000



casualty-day means that 1,000 young men have been killed at their very entrance upon the fullness of life, and all the pains which it has cost their mothers and their country to bring them to that point have been thrown to waste. But to the comfortable indifferentists of those hotels and boarding-houses and railway carriages, that is nothing. Perhaps the shortage of coal may touch their hearts by way of their feet at last. But meantime the war must go on, they say; Lord Northcliffe tells us so.

We do well to cherish a proud and loving remembrance of the young who have died. Their memory is part of our national heritage, and those records of their deaths commemorate no merely private grief. As the wisest of Athenian statesmen said, of noble beings the whole world is the tomb, and their unwritten memorials live for ever in the hearts of mankind. But no pride or love can ever compensate the loss to the country and to the world when young men die, and no facile consolations should kill the grief of their survivors. For the life of the young is a national possession to be hoarded as no miser or Chancellor of the Exchequer ever yet hoarded gold. And what is far more important than national value, the life of the young is of inestimable value to themselves.

## Communications.

### THE SOCIALIST CONGRESS OF FRANCE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—During five days and one night the Socialist Party held its assizes. These were always animated and sometimes tumultuous. The excitement of feelings and even of personal interest stood in the place of reason and cold logic. There was bitter contest between "minoritaires" and "majoritaires," not a contest of ideas and principles, but alas, a contest of personalities.

The battle did not begin on the first day, for the Congress was unanimous in voting an address to President Wilson, begging him not to reject "de plano," the proposal of the Central Powers. The address, though excellent in its spirit, was not all that could be desired in its wording. But such as it was, the utmost unanimity with which the proposal was met on Sunday, October 6th, and the approval of President Wilson's answer on Thursday, 10th, prove that a great majority of the Socialist Party of France are holding common views regarding peace. And still the Congress was divided into two hostile fractions.

Truly speaking, there were five sections in the Congress. From the extreme right to the extreme left of the Party, we have, first of all, the so-called section of the "Forty,"\* then the "Majoritaires" section, which stood at the head of the Party with Albert Thomas, Pierre Renaudel, &c.; the "Centrists" section, the leaders of which are Marcel Cachin, Marcel Sembat, Ernest Lafont, Léon Blum, Henri Sellier, &c., who sought to reconcile everybody and only succeeded in displeasing everyone; the "Minoritaires" section which wanted to take the direction of the Party with its leaders Pressemane, Paul Faure, Jean Longuet, Mistral, and lastly at the extreme left the "Kienthal" section, with Alexandre Blanc, Raffin Dugens, Rappoport, Lorient. Of course, these different sections are not completely opposed, for between them and in their midst are men who unite them to one another. This explains how the all but unanimity was obtained in order to show President Wilson that the whole of the French democracy was ready to support him. From this situation there also results the fact that it is difficult, when one studies the three motions that were voted—that of the Majoritaires, the Centrists, and the Minoritaires—to perceive a real difference in the spirit. The form differs, but, in fact, the underlying intention is the same, save for very slight variations.

How is it then that the Party failed to come to an understanding in bringing a common proposal uniting a big majority, from Renaudel to Mistral? The reason lies in the fact that this Congress was more a conflict of persons than a conflict of principles. One group of the Congressists was trying to take the direction of the Party, while the other group was trying to keep it. Between the two, a third group was seeking to negotiate in order to get its share. Here the whole conflict ranged round questions of proceedings. The leaders seemed to forget the importance of the moment, the solemnity of the circumstances, and their novelty—the Peace proposal of the Central Powers, Peace with Bulgaria, in short, the end of the war that was coming fast. They were all refusing to sweep away their past misunderstandings and consider instead the present circumstances for deducing their future policy. No man had enough influence to induce them to reject the pettiness and narrowness which weaken the strength of the Party in the home policy of France, and in its world-policy.

\* This name comes from the fact that a few months ago, forty deputies took the initiative of it: among them are Compiègne-Morel, Alexandre Varenne, Adrien Véber, &c., a staff without troops.

The Congress did not discuss the future policy of the Party, and only voted three motions that were very much alike. In order to perceive the policy that the Party intends following, it is necessary to refer to the motion voted by the majority† which gathered about one-tenth of the total stoppages.

Its reading shows the habitual phraseology of that kind of document. Lack of precision and clearness is its principal fault. But a close examination shows clearly the feelings and the opinions of the majority, especially if one has the precaution to compare it with the addresses sent to President Wilson by the almost unanimous vote of the Congress. This document shows that (1) the Party wishes for the conclusion of peace as early as possible, but a peace of the peoples, a just and durable peace that must be established and sealed by the "Internationale" gathered in a conference; (2) The Party takes over the resolution adopted at the Congress of British Trade Unions as regards the Internationale Conference; (3) The Party means to stand up, using any means, including the refusal of credits, against reactionary policy and manoeuvres, inside, as well as outside the country; (4) The Party unites with the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail) for action, if needs be, outside Parliament; (5) The Party strongly disapproves of the interference of the Allies in Russia; (6) The Party claims, as it always did, the right of the peoples freely to dispose of themselves, but is opposed to any programme tending, under any pretext, to prolong the duration of the conflict; (7) The Party is open to consider any effort made to establish the League of Nations, but would regard it as a detestable diversion if this were to be made one of the war aims; (8) The Party mentions that the war has accumulated the elements of a formidable revolution, and asserts that it will not fail to accomplish its task, that is, the renovation of the Soviet, with the help of the other proletarians of the "Internationale," without resorting to spurious solutions and compromises with the bourgeois class.

Such are the principal points of the motions voted by the Congress. Their vagueness and want of precision appear at first sight. Nothing really shows whether the Party has a well-defined policy, or whether its policy will sway without any directive line of conduct as it has done during all the war.

The administrative and directing staff is changed. Marcel Cachin, a Centrist, has taken the place of Pierre Renaudel as the manager of "L'Humanité"; the secretary of the Party, L. Dubreh, has given his place to M. Léon Frossard; the Permanent Administrative Commission is still composed of nearly the same personalities, but the majority now belongs to the group that was formerly the minority. In spite of such changes, it does not appear to an objective observer as if the future policy of the Party would differ from that of yesterday. In fact, it will continue on the same lines, from day to day, because the majority secured by those who are now at the head of the Party is very small, and because the course of events is running fast and urging men on irrespective of their feelings. And once more the wise man may say: "Nothing is changed, and the Socialist Party will continue its inward and outward action as before."—Yours, &c.,

AUGUSTIN HAMON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE TERMS OF AN ARMISTICE.

SIR,—I think if you will allow me to say so, you assume too much that we can trust Germany, and may safely make haste to agree to an armistice and enter on peace negotiations. As I read the last answer of Germany to President Wilson, there are plenty of loopholes for evasion in that assent.

The official declaration claims to be based "on the foundation of a permanent peace of justice"; it suggests a mixed commission for arranging the evacuation.

Now the Berlin Note lays stress especially, among these conditions which it accepts, on the propositions in President Wilson's speech at New York on September 27th. In that speech there are five propositions laid down: (1) That impartial justice must be meted out to all nations; (2) That no special interest of any single nation can be adopted which is not consistent with the common interest of all; (3) That there can be no separate leagues or alliances within the common family of the League of Nations; (4) That there can be no special selfish economic combinations within the League; (5) That all international agreements and treaties must be published to all the world.

Now these propositions are very unstable for discussion in forming a League of Nations, and in determining its scope and character, but they are not germane to the terms which will have to be imposed on Germany. Germany is asking for a great military advantage, an armistice which will enable it to withdraw a defeated army, and take a new and more advantageous position for defence. Such a concession cannot be

† The "Minoritaire" proposals counted 1,528 mandates, the Majoritaire proposal 1,212, and the Centrist proposal 131, that is a total of 2,921 mandates.

‡ This last restriction constitutes the essential element of difference between this motion and the two others. It is important to observe that this restriction is contradictory to the addresses voted to President Wilson. This is but a manifestation of the conflict between sentiment that urges men to desire an early peace, and reason which urges them to desire a peace putting an end to causes of fighting and misunderstanding.

made without adequate and substantial guarantees, and some of the terms of peace must be assented to at once, categorically and definitely, not as preparations open to criticism in detail, as to which, so to speak, only a second reading assent is given. I contend that the Allies should demand an antecedent and immediate consent and acceptance of certain demands to be fixed before the general terms of the peace are discussed. Among these I suggest the definite acceptance of the obligation to restore the ravaged districts of Belgium, France, Italy, Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro to the fullest extent possible, and reparation to be made to the sufferers and to their families for the outrages inflicted on them. The damage to be ascertained by properly appointed tribunals nominated by the Allies; France and Belgium to be compensated at the cost of Germany, Serbia, Roumania, and Montenegro by Austro-Hungary, and Armenia by Turkey.

England to be fully compensated for all the merchant ships destroyed by the various means employed by Germany and the surviving sailors and their families to be also fully compensated. France to be at once put in possession of the whole territory of Alsace-Lorraine. Italy to be at once put in possession of the Italian Trentino, and the districts of Italian sympathies in Istria. Immediate and complete evacuation by the forces of the Central Alliance of all Russian, Polish, Roumanian, and Serbian territories.

These stipulations to be accepted and acted on at once; and in the case of Belgium, without waiting to ascertain the damage done, immediate repayment of all money and contributions levied in Belgium by way of taxes, fines, or any other form of requisition, by the German authorities and by any persons acting with their consent, acquiescence, or approval.

These points are most of them included in President Wilson's fourteen points which the Germans now propose to accept. But further, in order to protect our interests in case of Germany taking advantage of the armistice to break off negotiations and renew the war, there should be at once a handing over of all German submarine vessels, in order to secure the cessation of submarine warfare, and the restitution of all prisoners and interned persons now in Germany to their own country.

On the acceptance of these terms and on compliance with them at once, an armistice might be accorded for three months with a view to the settlement of peace. But it should be clearly stated, that the obligations imposed upon Germany in President Wilson's fourteen points and apparently accepted by Germany, must be carried out even if Germany fails to secure an agreement with the Allied powers on the other points raised by President Wilson.

Germany should clearly understand that without material guarantees for the future we cannot afford to sacrifice the advantageous military situation in which we now find ourselves, and that the treaties of Germany and of Austria with Russia and with Roumania must be entirely abandoned.—Yours, &c.,

SHEFFIELD.

Alderley Park. October 13th, 1918.

#### LINCOLN AND BISMARCK.

SIR,—May I put a note of interrogation to two comments in last week's NATION? (1) Speaking of Lincoln, "H. W. M." says: "And though he had extraordinary distinction, he was not romantic. Did he ever love a woman? It is doubtful." Has not "H. W. M." forgotten the most significant incident in Lincoln's personal life. According to William Herndon, his partner and biographer, the tragic death of Ann Rutledge shortly after her engagement to Lincoln, endangered his reason, and permanently deepened the fits of melancholy to which he was subject. He was taken away to the seclusion of Bowline Greene's home, and there watched carefully. The condition of his mind at this time was illustrated by his remark that "the thought that the snows and rains fell upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief."

(2) In the review of Mr. Grant Robertson's "Bismarck," you say: "He dismisses as merely untrue his (Bismarck's) retrospective plea that he was overruled in the details of the strategical annexation by the soldiers." But whatever the essential truth may be, the plea was not retrospective. It is implicit in the letters Bismarck wrote to his wife during the war of 1870-1. I have not got the volume of letters at hand, but my memory is clear that, in speaking of the terms imposed on France, he makes the remarkable comment, "We have, I fear, got more than will be good for us."—Yours, &c.,

A. G. GARDINER.

["H. W. M." writes: I had the affair of Ann Rutledge in my mind when I used the word "doubtful." Lincoln and Hay dismiss it in three sentences in a life stretching into ten bulky volumes. There was only a half-engagement between Lincoln and her; she was not in love with Lincoln, but with another man, and a year after her death, he had a half-comic affair, annotated with a series of queer stand-offish "love" letters with another woman. Ann's early death undoubtedly affected him. Lincoln's temperament was sad, and the sudden loss of a young companion stirred all its melancholy depths. I recall a similar death in my own circle when I was a boy, and the extraordinary sadness into which it plunged her friends, none of whom were in love with her.]

SIR,—Your reviewer of Mr. Grant Robertson's admirable "Life of Bismarck" says, of the famous Ems despatch, "there

was certainly no falsification"; and I believe that this is the general opinion. It seems to me so wholly contrary to the facts that I think it is well to challenge the statement.

Mr. Robertson prints the two versions of the despatch side by side. They are too long for quotation here. The telegram received by Bismarck from the King through Abaken says: (1) that Benedetti presented certain unacceptable demands; (2) that news came later that the Hohenzollern prince had resigned the Spanish throne; (3) that in consequence of the receipt of the news the King informed Benedetti that there was no reason for any further interview. The telegram as sent to the Press by Bismarck says: (1) that Benedetti presented certain demands, and that (2) "thereupon" the King sent his aide-de-camp to say that he could not see him again.

I submit that here is "falsification," gross, open, and palpable. The Bismarck version gives a reason for the King's action wholly different from that given by the King himself. Forgery may be an improper word here, but falsification seems exactly suitable. Bismarck suppresses the true and affirms the false.

I do not raise the question of the importance of the incident, but merely of its character.—Yours, &c.,

C. J. GRANT.

SIR,—"Bismarck," says your reviewer in to-day's issue of THE NATION, "in his revelation of himself was always spontaneous, and almost childishly honest." He was. Many years ago, Count Herbert Bismarck, then a member of the German Embassy in London, was a patient of my father. One day when Count Herbert was on the point of returning to Germany for a holiday, my father said to him: "Give my compliments to your father and tell him that a London surgeon would very much like to know how he managed to preserve his health and strength at such a great age."

Count Herbert duly returned from Germany and replied: "My father greets you and says he has always worn flannel next his skin, and has never tasted water."—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

71, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

#### A DUTCH CAROL.

SIR,—It may be of interest to those who read your reviewer's article on Miss Eleanor M. Brugham's "Corn from Olde Fieldes," to know that the hymn quoted at the end of that review is published under the title: "A Dutch Carol": the melody from Thym; the translation from the "Ecclesiologist," Feb. A.D. 1856. I enclose the words (which are slightly different from those already quoted) in case you care to print them.—Yours, &c.,

MARY S. W. POLLARD.

8, Clifton Dale, York.

"Our Master bath a garden which fair flowers adorn,  
There will I go and gather both at eve and morn.  
Nought's heard therein but Angel hymns  
With harp and lute,  
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle, soothing flute.

"The Lilly white that bloometh there is purity,  
The fragrant Violet is surnamed Humility;  
Nought's heard, &c.

"The lovely damask Rose is here called Patience,  
The rich and cheerful Marigold obedience.  
Nought's heard, &c.

"One plant is there with crown bedight, the rest above,  
With crown imperial, and this plant is Holy Love.  
Nought's heard, &c.

"But still of all the flowers the Fairest and the Best,  
Is Jesus Christ, the Lord Himself, His name be blest.  
Nought's heard, &c.

"O Jesus, my chief Good and sole Felicity,  
Thy little garden make my ready heart to be;  
So may I once hear Angel Hymns with harp and lute,  
Loud trumpets and bright clarions, and the gentle, soothing flute

#### "ENGLAND'S EASY ROAD TO A REPUBLIC."

SIR,—The Irish politicians are saying "the English will soon have to choose between the crown and the colonies." "The Times" has printed a letter from Mr. Wells, suggesting an agitation for a republic.

Perhaps you will allow one who dislikes agitation and loathes violence to explain what any lawyer can confirm—there is no need for either agitation or revolution in England to make it a republic. As Lord John Russell told Queen Victoria plainly, the 1688 Revolution was final. As soon as the English decide to dispense with hereditary royalty they will find the alteration easier than a change of ministry, and with reason, for it would matter less. "Not a dog would bark."

A short Act might be run through Parliament in twenty-four hours, transferring to the Lord Chancellor, thereafter to be called President, the duties of the King. He could continue to be Chairman of the Senate, but be relieved of all judicial work, including what is now his heaviest burden, the appointment of Judges. His pay and retiring allowances are already adequate. The Palace in London would be Government House, and the



other royal palaces could be used for hospitals or other public purposes.

The President, ceasing to be a member of the Cabinet, might hold office for a fixed term, perhaps ten years, or he might, as in Switzerland, the best governed country in Europe, hold office for one year only. The election of his successor could be done in a day by the elected Members of Parliament, which would mean only the Commons at present, but as soon as the Senate became a representative body, then it would share in the election, just as in France or Switzerland.

Titles would continue to be used by those who liked them, as in France.

The Royal Family would be compensated. A million pounds would be a liberal retiring allowance. It would be glad to go on pleasant terms.

The change would be popular in all our colonies, especially in Canada, the biggest of them, and in South Africa, the only one that ever was doubtful. The talk about India objecting is untrue. The royal caste of Europe has no friends left in the world.

The best of all the effects of the change would be the stimulus it would give to peace-loving parties in countries where the royal scarecrow is still a terror—Greece for example, or Bulgaria, to say nothing of Germany itself. The German blasphemy about "God and the King" is taken seriously in other monarchies, though we laugh at it here. Undoubtedly the change would hasten the happy settlement of a world that is weary of war. Historians of sense do all agree with Kant that the way to perpetual peace is through republicanism.

"But we are a Republic already—a Crowned Republic," it may be objected. The answer is—we should call ourselves what we are. To say one thing and mean another is a habit in England, and natural, though not praiseworthy, when it is useful. But when all the interests of England require it to call itself, as well as to be a republic, a government by consent, it is useless as well as wrong to persist in giving the wages and clothes of a King to the Parliamentary Head of the State.—Yours, &c.,

D. A. WILSON.

[Perhaps: but we think we prefer George V. to Lloyd George the First.—Ed., THE NATION.]

#### THE SECRET TREATIES.

SIR,—People capable of thought must realize that the Harmsworth brand is becoming a more dangerous foe to this country than the German people.

It does not want to see the Secret Treaties repudiated. Imperialists do not believe in self-determination for the Mesopotamia Arabs, but they are extremely anxious to develop the Mesopotamia oil-fields, of course, "for the benefit of the natives." President Wilson's twelfth point, "Turkish subject nations to be assured of undoubted security of life and unmolested opportunity of autonomous development," does not appeal to these Imperialists.

They have every intention of making another "scrap of paper of Mr. Wilson's twelfth point.—Yours, &c.,

D. FOX PITT.

#### THE REVOLT OF AGE.

SIR,—When you say (October 12th), "Youth which most easily forgives, at the bidding of age, which most easily resents, . . ." you lay upon one patient back the last straw's weight.

Let Mr. Dennis Bradley deprive the aged of clothing; let the Amazons of the "Cambridge Review" sacrate their nude bodies, but let us have a little more Christian charity in the pages of THE NATION.

If the effect of living be really to make a man less forgiving, and more resentful, may exposure to the coming winter carry off the last of us. But it is a gross libel on life.—Yours, &c.,

A. H. S.

Liphook. October 14th, 1918.

#### WHAT TO DO WITH BULGARIA.

SIR,—Permit me to make a few remarks with reference to your article "What to do with Bulgaria." Macedonia is Serbian land, and Ochrida, Prilep, and Skoplje, are to the Serbian people what Canterbury, York, and Winchester are to the English. The reasons for this are too numerous to be quoted here. During this war, in 1917, a great newspaper discussion was carried on in Berlin between Hermann Wendel, deputy in the Reichstag, and member of the Majority Socialists, and Dim. Rizov, Bulgarian Minister to the German Court. From this discussion Hermann Wendel, with a huge arsenal of scientific arguments culled from most reliable German books, emerged victorious with his assertion that the majority of the Macedonian population is not Bulgarian, but consists of Macedonian Southern Slavs. ("Vorwärts," July 2nd, July 26th, September 4th. "Die Glocke," 1917). Besides this, not only national, but also moral right demands but the one and only, the Serbian solution of the Macedonian question.

Mr. Asquith, speaking on February 23rd, 1916, in the House of Commons said: "We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium, and I will add, Serbia, recovers in full measure all, and more than all that she has

sacrificed." And Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, on August 8th, 1917, says: "What I ventured to say about Belgium, speaking on behalf of the British Government, I say here again, speaking on behalf of the same Government, about Serbia. The first condition of peace is restoration complete and without reservation. I came here to make no speech. I came here to say that, however long this war may last, British honor is involved in seeing that Serbian independence is completely restored."

The 11th point in President Wilson's speech in January of this year is "Restore Roumania, Serbia, Montenegro. . . ." And only recently, on September 6th, ex-President Roosevelt said that "Serbia and Roumania must have restored to them what Bulgaria has taken from them." That settles it.

The last and altogether practical reason is that solution would be in the interest of peace in the Balkans, and in the interest of the Bulgars themselves, who cannot, without great danger to themselves, remain the eternal enemies of all their neighbours, Greeks, Serbs, Roumanians, and Turks.—Yours, &c.,

YOVAN TANOVITCH.

46, Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

October 9th, 1918.

## Poetry.

### THE SOUND.

Through the pale summer grass I stare  
At the blue dome of sky;  
A soft, contented, couchant hare  
Hid in the grass am I.

All that I see a hare can see,  
All that I hear she hears—  
The wind's wave falling ceaselessly,  
The trembling grassy spears:

The colored patchwork of the weald,  
Hedge woven with dark hedge,  
Green field plaited with yellow field,  
Unto the world's blue edge:

And, on the other side, the sea  
Striped by the yellow grass,  
Where to and fro continually  
Small busy creatures pass:

Beetles as bright as lustre beads,  
Ladybirds red as blood,  
Green grasshoppers like little steeds  
Threading the tangled wood:

And butterflies upon the wind  
Blown past like withered leaves,  
Graylings, and all the heathy kind,  
And flecked fritillaries—

Their cool wings flutter near my face  
Where cupped in grass I lie,  
Domed with the blue and dazzling space  
Of fine cloud-ruffled sky.

I watch the ambling shadows pass,  
And bask without a care,  
With sun and sky and summer grass  
As thoughtless as a hare.

Till from that blue and friendly dome  
There comes a sudden breath,  
A shuddering breath out of a tomb,  
A messenger of death.

A sound, a smouldering sound, that fills  
And fades, but comes again;  
Bruising the gentle grassy hills  
With news of grief and pain.

Oh, then no summer do I see,  
Nor feel the summer air;  
But think upon men's cruelty,  
And tremble like a hare.

SYLVIA LYND.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Shakespeare's Workmanship." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)  
 "Psychological Principles." By James Ward. (Cambridge University Press. 21s. net.)  
 "The Metaphysical Theory of the State." By L. T. Hobhouse. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "The Life and Letters of Joseph Black, M.D." By Sir Wm. Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Constable. 6s. 6d. net.)

\* \* \*

WHILE admitting that a man, innocent of books but at last awake and eager to learn, would fall unconscious if conducted by the cruel to the awful strata of ages in the British Museum Library, yet Professor Gilbert Murray points out that the man's mind could have been saved. He might have been warned beforehand of the great bluff. It could have been whispered to him that it was possible to read all the best drama of the world in a few months; and that afterwards it would not take long to read all the best poetry, history, and philosophy. We but paraphrase what the professor said. We would not dare to say it aloud within the hearing of the high priests, but to repeat it after Gilbert Murray is different, and requires not courage, but a simple sense of duty.

\* \* \*

THAT in the larger matter of art the professor may be right we can judge from a catalogue, published by Mr. John Murray, of all the war publications issued to June, 1916. It runs to 180 pages of close type. It contains, at a guess, the names of 3,500 books and documents. For students it has its obvious use, because it details the official evidence disclosed to that date, and the personal witness of those authorities whose words historians will be compelled to weigh; but what some of us see in it is chiefly the certainty that it would take a first-class life, as the insurance companies say, and a buoyant disposition to read every book in it. So it is encouraging to be aware that it refers to no more books—as nice people define books—than one evening would see us through, interruptions and all. Most of them are already dead. They are like the novels and newspapers of yesterday and the leaves of the autumn before last.

\* \* \*

AND yet still they come. I always look curiously into a new war book, without being quite able to explain, to strangers, what it is I am looking for; but if I see names like Vermelles, Souchez, Notre Dame de Lorette, Boesinghe, Houplines, Hulluch, Neuve Chapelle, Thiepval, Poperinghe, and Bethune—there is a lot more—then I am caught. I want to know what this man saw there, and what he felt about it. Yet I must confess that I've read little that is as good as the gossip I heard when "out there." The intimate yarn of the observant soldier home on leave, who knows he can trust his listener, beats anything one sees in print. I heard the best story of the war that way; if it could have been put down as it was given to me it would have been a masterpiece. No doubt that was because, in addition to the incredible adventure he had been through, the narrator found himself in secure and familiar circumstances again, was confident of his audience, and was thinking of nothing but his story; and he was full of that. The mind was relaxed, he was comfortable again, and was looking backward in grim humor which did not quite disguise his sadness. These intelligent soldiers, who tell us the good yarns we rarely see in print, are not thinking about their style, or of the way other men have told such stories, but only of the affair as it happened to them. They are as artless as the child who explains at breakfast what the dream was like that frightened it last night; and Tolstoy says that is art.

\* \* \*

I HAVE been reading a large batch of war stories published recently, and it was painful to see how many were spoiled by Kipling long before this war began; there was but one exception to this, among those new books of war

adventures where the writers were clearly conscious that for success in writing mere impulse to say something is hardly enough. Kipling was an original, and his irritating tricks of manner, and his deplorable views of human society, were easily carried by his genius for observation and the spontaneity and drama of his stories. But when his story was thin, and he was filling time by airing his shoddy philosophy, he was often facetious. As an obvious and easily imitable trick for dull evenings, and the amusement of the idle who are not critical, this elaborate jocularly seems to have been more marked than his genius for narrative (he has written the funniest story I know) where he was happy, and his material was full and sound. Yet his false fun is the heinous defect of so many of these volumes pollinated from Simla; and there is another defect (though it would be unfair to charge Kipling with that when it may be seen flowering with the unassuming modesty of a tulip in any number of "Punch"); the amusing solemnity of the snob, who assumes the exclusive superiority of his caste without the trace of a smile at a time when all Europe is at last wakening to the fact that the privileges it gave one class to gain the guidance of a superior culture were entirely wasted. For though by now we ought to know better, seeing that it has been the vulgar and the unimportant who have won the war for us, we still meekly accept as the artistic representation of the British soldier and sailor a guy that ought to be out of place even in pantomime; and how the men must enjoy it!

\* \* \*

"THE CURTAIN OF STEEL" (Hodder & Stoughton) is so brightly written, and usually with such good feeling, that one would read it even were it not concerned with the doings of the Grand Fleet. Yet it does not escape traces of the ugliness of its prototype. There is reported, for instance, one discussion in the mess, which includes some "ornate vocabulary" from the Captain of Marines; and then "he hurled three fat volumes of Chambers's Encyclopædia at the reverend gentleman's stomach." There is more in that line. It is the same in "The Human Touch," by "Sapper" (Hodder & Stoughton). Says one character in it: "Oh, she was a dear! A trifle mechanical perhaps, owing to the thickness of her complexion—but such a dear! I held her hand, and told her an aunt had just died and left me a thousand, which I intended to spend on leave. She was so kind and sweet about it: called me a naughty boy, and got so excited that she had trouble with her false teeth."

"Joe, you are an old scoundrel." The Major was shaking with laughter.

"I fail, sir," remarked Strickland in pained surprise, 'to see any cause for hilarity.'

Yet the matter for "Sapper's" war stories is often so intrinsically good that a reader is the more angry that a bad literary heredity spoils the telling of them.

\* \* \*

"GUNNER DEPEW," by Himself (Cassell) is different. Here is an artless yarn. Depew merely wishes us to know what war is like. He succeeds, too, for he is much too interested in his story to show off, or to get boggled with the recollection that his listeners may expect him to tell his yarn in another way. He is interesting because he has been in the affair and has killed men, and his vivacity does the rest. There are episodes in his book which one hesitates to accept, desiring further evidence; yet you cannot doubt the honesty of this American, or the shrewdness of his observation. Depew's rapid and objective account of the trench fighting at Dixnude is as stawling and shocking an account of battle as any I have read

\* \* \*

BUT the best of a large batch of war books is "Fields and Battlefields," by 31540, R.A.M.C. (Constable). Anyone who has seen the war on the Western front knows how one's complex emotions from irrational happenings, the smells and sights and sounds which compel the senses to ignore them, if sanity must be kept, evade attempts made afterwards, in security and at leisure, to communicate them deliberately. But "31540" has a considerable measure of success. His chapters called "Walpurgis Dance" and "An Early Somme Battlefield" may be specially commended to those who are good enough to have some thought for the soldiers when talking of war.

H. M. T.



NOTE.—The Pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are sometimes sympathetic.

# AREN'T THE OLD MEN SPLENDID ?

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



*"The Hidden Hand"*

IT is a cynical and unjust world. There is a grave danger that, on the outbreak of Peace, ungrateful Youth may forget in the stress and storms of Victory to pay tribute to the Old Men who have "carried on" so nobly during the interminable years of Armageddon.

Before it is too late, before their self-sacrifices are forgotten, before their little "bits" are ignored, before their rulings are over-ruled, before their public chatterings are drowned in the triumphant voices of returning Youth, let me pay homage to their elderly magnificence in war time.

Let us never forget their wonderful fight to make the world safe for Bureaucracy.

In their splendour the Old Men, too, have suffered.

Let not their self-denial be forgotten.

Leaving their businesses, their professions, their asylums—even their pleasures—with shaking fingers they buckled on their gout boots and hobbled forth to do their Bureaucratic duty.

Even the elderly and non-combatant clergy rallied to the standard of War, with tottering but determined steps ascended the daïs of the tribunals, and preached patriotism, self-sacrifice, and self-denial—to others.

Who cannot admire these ministers of a new and martial Christus?

Did the working poor need beer? Then the Old Men heroically limited their cravings to Veuve Clicquot. Was there little mutton in the land? Then these aged heroes turned nobly to caviare and

game. Were there super-taxes and excess profits to be paid? Then their hearts—and prices—rose valiantly to the occasion.

Were the women lonely? Then again the Old Men bravely "carried on" and sought to offer consolation.

And their reward? Virtue by necessity?

Alas, it is not in this world that men—even old men—should ask for their reward.

Venerable gentlemen, I commiserate you. But I congratulate you on your spirit if not on your flesh.

And if ingratitude and disappointment be your lot, summon your domestic fortitude, your placid omniscience, your Victorian and vicarious philosophy, summon your optimism, and remember, as Jimmy Whistler never said, "Old Age Must Come."

\* \* \* \* \*

But comfort yourselves, for you is reserved the glory of a New Sacrifice.

I am grieved at the alarming wool shortage. Mufti manufacture has been reduced to a minimum. With Peace there will not be enough to go round. And, with delicate sadness, I am compelled to announce that :—

*Pope & Bradley cannot receive any more orders for mufti materials from clients over the present military age of 51 until the war is over.*

Knowing you so well, venerable sirs, I am sure you will bear this new deprivation with a proud and patriotic joy in the knowledge that you are helping your country.

Nevertheless, I am sorry for you. My heart bleeds when I think of you creeping shivering and naked to bed, with only the thought of your sacrifices to warm your vitals.

Hold fast, and stick it out, gallant hearts! It's a long tunnel through the Welsh mountains, but at the end of the steep gradient are green valleys and bad beer.

14, Old Bond Street, W. 1.

## Reviews.

### AN ÆSTHETE LOOKS AT THE WORLD.

"Cities and Sea Coasts and Islands." By ARTHUR SYMONS.  
(Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SYMONS'S book of travels would have been surer of praise if it had been published twenty years ago. It is written in the æsthetic mode, which was then popular among those who shrank from the vulgarity of the populace. Those were days in which artists and their attendant youths and maidens held that the world existed chiefly in order to provide them with curious sensations. The soul, the heart, the brain, and the liver all dwindled into insignificance in comparison with the senses. The æsthetes invented a world in which men ceased to be curious about many of the common human interests. They hardly recognized themselves as belonging to the same race with men to whom the price of bottled stout was an infinitely more absorbing topic than art and song. In many ways the æsthetic movement rendered great services to English life. It was a necessary protest against the gross utilitarianism of nineteenth-century England. Just as Beau Nash with his exquisite fopperies helped to refine the rudeness of the eighteenth century, so Oscar Wilde deserves praise for having reminded a later generation of some of the essential graces. Both in the period of the beaux and in the period of the æsthetes, manner alone seemed to matter. Style was the one thing indispensable. Æstheticism was simply an experiment in good form. It was Pharisaism applied in the sphere of the arts. It was an inverted Puritanism, intolerant of three-fourths of life. But in so far as it was a reaction against contentment with mechanical ugliness, we must not be ungrateful to it.

What makes it ultimately impossible, however, for any man of depth or humor to remain content with æstheticism is that it takes for granted that the universe at its most important is a decoration—that man at his most important is a decoration, a creature of fine gestures, fine colors, fine phrases, and therefore a thing rather than an immortal spirit. It was the vice of slavery to treat human beings as chattels. It is the vice of æstheticism also. There is no companionableness, no friendliness of curiosity, in this attitude. One finds an example of it at its worst in Mr. Symons's praise of painted cheeks in his chapter on the ballet in his new book. "Maquillage, to be attractive," he writes, "must, of course, be unnecessary. As a disguise for age or misfortune, it has no interest. But, of all places, on the stage, and, of all people, on the cheeks of young people; there, it seems to me that make-up is intensely fascinating, and its recognition is of the essence of my delight in a stage performance." "It has," he says, "to the remnant of Puritan conscience or consciousness that is the heritage of us all, a certain sense of dangerous wickedness, the delight of forbidden fruit. The very phrase, 'painted women,' has come to have an association of sin, and to have put paint on her cheeks, though for the innocent necessities of her profession, gives to a woman a kind of symbolic corruption." From the pen of Oscar Wilde or "Max," this kind of make believe flows with insolent and witty grace. But, as for Mr. Symons, one is afraid that he solemnly believes it. If it is true that he is fascinated by grease-paint in the theatre not because it is an aid to illusion but because it gives him "a certain sense of dangerous wickedness," then he is one of those persons who ought not to be allowed to go to the theatre. He is, however, a psychological puzzle. He attends a ballet with as profound a solemnity as if it were a Sunday-school. "The ballet," he declares, "seemed to me the subtlest of the visible arts, and dancing a more significant speech than words. I could almost have said seriously, as Verlaine once said in jest, coming away from the Alhambra, 'J'aime Shakespeare, mais . . . j'aime mieux le ballet.'" To adopt the jests of the decadent period and to make them a serious part of one's creed—that is surely the extreme folly of which an æsthete is capable.

Mr. Symons's creed is a creed of sheer sensationalism. He holds up before us as an example of success in life a man who, having done most of the things he desired, one day suddenly remarked to a friend: "Do you know, I wonder what it is like to chase a man? I know what it is to be chased, but to chase a man would be a new sensation":—

"The other man laughed, and thought no more about it. A week later my friend came to him with an official document: he had been appointed a private detective. He was set on the track of a famous criminal (whom, as it happened, he had known as a tramp); he made his plans, worked them out successfully, and the criminal was caught. To have done it was enough: he had had the sensation; he has done no more work as a detective. Is there not, in this curiosity in action, this game mastered and then cast aside, a wonderful promptness, sureness, a moral quality which is itself success in life?"

"He had had the sensation"—is there any character one admires in fiction or in history, any man one could even be friends with, for whom one could regard this as a decent epitaph? Put to the test of real life, as all writing must be put, this sort of thing is seen to be nothing more than a grave playing with words. This is equally true of Mr. Symons's philosophizing about the bull-fight which he saw at Valencia. The cruel business of the disembowelled horses sickened him, but the sensationalist in him survived the shock, and at the end he was able to write:—

"I have always held that cruelty has a deep root in human nature, and is not that exceptional thing which, for the most part, we are pleased to suppose it. I believe it has an unadmitted, abominable attraction for almost every one; for many of us, under scrupulous disguises; more simply for others, and especially for people of certain races; but the same principle is there, under whatever manifestation, and, if one takes one's stand on nature, claiming that whatever is deeply rooted there has its own right to exist, what of the natural rights of cruelty?"

No one but a paradoxical æsthete could even ask such a question seriously. Cruelty is a mere perversion of the will to be strong, and is no more to be defended by an appeal to nature than any other form of perversion. The truth is, Mr. Symons is lacking in the sense of nature, in what has been called the sense of life.

He is a devoted lover of beauty, and his book is mainly an account of beautiful places—in Spain, Cornwall, Ireland, and elsewhere—but he has failed to make it a book worthy of his gifts largely because he lacks a simple, natural personality. He cannot even write of Hampstead Heath without introducing a false gesture. "Every knoll and curve of it," he declares, "draws the feet to feel their soft shapes; one cannot walk, but must run and leap on Hampstead Heath." It is not mere literalism to protest that both of these statements are inaccurate and absurd. They are examples of affectation, not of poetry. Two things are, in our opinion, essential to good descriptive writing. One is observation (or science); the other is images (or poetry). A descriptive writer should at once see the world accurately and see it in images of other things. Wordsworth's "It is a Beauteous Evening" and his sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge are instances of perfect descriptive writing. Mr. Symons has for a man who has written poetry surprisingly few images, though he does describe a Cornish sea and sky as being "like opals, with something in them of the color of absinthe." At the same time, he is a beautiful writer, who knows how to catalogue the color and languorous happiness of a day by the Cornish sea:—

"It is exquisite on a breathless July day, about noon, to be on the white sand, without thought or memory, an animal in the sun, watching the painted sea, throbbing with heat, purple, grape-coloured, stained with the shadows of clouds and rocks; seeing the steamers pass as the clouds pass, with no more human significance; curious of nothing in the world but of the order and succession of the waves, their diligence, and when the next wave will obliterate the last wave-mark."

To be able to write like this is no small achievement. And in similar chosen words Mr. Symons praises the joy of leaving the city and going into the country where men and women can "have countless living creatures about them, not pets nor beasts of burden":—

"First, there is the life of the fields and the farmyards, a life attendant on ours, but familiar with us while we spare it. Then there is the unlimited life of birds, who, in these regions, have foothold in the sea as well as on land, and have two provinces, of water and of air, to be at home in. And, besides these, there is the tiny restless life of insects: the butterflies that live for the day, the bees with their polished mahogany backs and soft buzz that they call here "dummederries," and that come out in the evening, the toads and slugs that come with the first dark, and the glow-worms that light their little lonely candle of pale gold at night. The world suddenly becomes full of living beings, whose apparent happiness we are glad to be permitted to share."



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If Saint Simon was not the truest historian of his age, he was its most gifted and indefatigable spy. Writing in secrecy, in haste, at midnight, between locked doors, "il écrit," says Chateaubriand, "*à la diable pour l'immortalité.*" The nervous and irritable little Duke, with his marvellous memory and devouring curiosity, kept his sharp eyes screwed to the keyhole of the State and put a finger into every political pie. No one, he justly boasts, had ever so rich and varied a material, treated it with such thoroughness and detail, and made of it so curious and instructive a whole. The guiding spirit of the Memoirs, a spirit to which he frequently sacrificed his own best interests, was, he asserts continually, the love of truth. And certainly his writings bear witness to an impassioned accuracy; the conversations reported have all the abruptness, the informality of the spoken word, and the crowded scenes flash by with a cinematograph-like realism which made Madame du Deffand describe his style as abominable, and caused the romantics to claim him as their own. The truth of Saint Simon's worship, however, was not the strict divinity of science, but the elusive genius of art. The mirror which he holds up to his age is strongly coloured, its brilliant surface frequently distorted, by the violence of his feelings. The impartial mind, like the stoic, was to him "*une belle et noble chimère*"; and indeed no man ever gave freer rein to the passions of hate and delight in the humiliation of others. Yet it is this highly charged sensibility which quickens the brilliance of his vision, breathes the life into his wonderful gallery of portraits, and lends to his great historical frescoes the grandeur of a Rubens with a background of Rembrandt.

In the last two volumes of Mr. Arkwright's translation the Golden Age is over and the death of the King fully liberates Saint Simon's pen. He shows us every detail of that intricate Court routine, beginning at eight o'clock, when the King was roused by his first valet de chambre, his first physician, his first surgeon, and his former wet nurse, who alone was privileged to kiss him every day as long as she lived. We observe him putting on his breeches "which he did very cleverly and gracefully," watch, in the company of all his courtiers, the process of his being shaved, when he always wore a little short wig; we are told when and on what he dined and supped, how he wore few

jewels, disliked scent, and cherished an eccentric fancy for fresh air. His character is described with commendable fairness:—

"I must say it again; the King's talents were below mediocrity, but capable of improvement. Glory was his passion, but he also liked order and regularity in all things; he was naturally prudent, moderate, and reserved; always master of his tongue and his emotions. Will it be believed? he was naturally also kind-hearted and just. God had given him all that was necessary to become a good king, perhaps also a fairly great one. All his faults were produced by his surroundings."

His fatal weakness was his passion for hearing his own praises. "There was nothing he liked so much as flattery, or, to put it more plainly, adulation; the clumsier and coarser it was, the more he relished it." This vanity developed, as years went on, into an overweening pride, which found material manifestation in the monstrous follies of Versailles and Marly. On these extravagant erections, where forests were planted of full-grown trees, rivers diverted and mountains removed, the money and man-power of France was exhausted:—

"I have myself seen a thick wood transformed in six weeks into a sheet of water where people amused themselves in gondolas; the change had hardly been made when the lake was turned into a wood again, and a wood of such large trees that they excluded the light from the day they were planted. The fountains and cascades were shifted and re-shifted a hundred times; carp basins adorned with gilding and exquisite paintings would be no sooner finished than they would be removed and reconstructed elsewhere, with fresh adornments by the same masters; and this happened not once, but over and over again."

A same magnificent contempt for nature characterised the King's treatment of the ladies of his Court, particularly of those who boasted the uncomfortable honour of his affections:—

"His insensibility was indeed extraordinary. At the time when his passions for his mistresses was at its height, they had to accompany him in his journeys, no matter what their state of health might be. Sick or well, before and after their confinements, laced up tight in their court dresses. In this state they had to accompany him to Flanders, or farther still, to dance late at night, to be present at all dinners and parties; all the time they had to appear cheerful and lively; never inconvenienced by heat or cold, by wind or dust; and what is more, they were expected to be punctual to a minute on all occasions."

Perhaps it is hardly astonishing that the glorious Roi Soleil should have sunk at last, deserted by all his satellites, in darkness and solitude. He died, says Saint Simon, unregretted by any of his subjects, "except a few dull old courtiers who would no longer be able to impress the fools outside." The Duc du Maine was so delighted at the prospect of his approaching greatness that he "gave way to very unbecoming merriment"; Madame la Duchesse "for a few days took to bed, which she always liked," but otherwise showed no signs of mourning; whilst poor worn-out old Madame de Maintenon disappeared for ever to St. Cyr two days before her master's death. As for the ruined provinces and the people of Paris, they heard of the King's death with "a thrill of joy"; whilst the common people, "ground down and driven to despair, openly returned thanks to God for their deliverance."

But the pride in which the King had always wrapped himself did not, like the courtiers who had helped to foster it, desert him in his dying hour. The grand manner, worn for a lifetime, had become the habit of his soul. The exemplary end to which this venerable egoist brought his long career of selfishness and scandal, furnished indeed a grave embarrassment to the moralist. "It must be confessed," says Saint Simon, "that there was something very singular about the complete and unbroken tranquillity of mind which the King enjoyed in his dying moments." Rejecting the medical hypothesis of insensibility, he falls back on Jesuitical witchcraft and the sinister significance, at the last moments, of the presence of such a man as Father Tellier. Yet even in the hoariest of sinners, greatness will out; and in the final valediction of Saint Simon Louis XIV. is given his due:—

"What are we to say of the tranquil courage which he showed at his last extremity? For it is a fact that in taking leave of this world he showed no regret; he never gave way to peevishness or impatience; he made all his arrangements with the clearness and calm of a man in full health of body and mind; he behaved to the very last with the grave



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"It was then that I revelled with inexpressible delight, in the spectacle of those insolent lawyers, who dare to refuse us the salute, kneeling humbly before the throne, rendering homage at the level of our feet, while we, with our hate on, occupied seats flanking the same throne on either side. . . . I could not take my eyes off these haughty bourgeois; I watched the "Grand Bench," and the undulations of the fur-trimmed robes as its occupants sank into long and repeated genuflections, which only came to an end by express permission of the King. . . . I gazed with delight on these bare heads, bent humbly to the level of our feet."

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to examine. A noteworthy instance is the case and history of Socialism. The matter is worse when the position of the German Socialists is considered. Here the non-Socialists are not the worst offenders. The general assumption of Socialists among the Allies is that their former German comrades bear a large share of the guilt of the war because they betrayed the International in August, 1914. What was the great betrayal? Simply that they did not apply the principles of their own philosophy when at last came the long-predicted calamity that had its origins in the institutions of Europe. No explanation is given why only German Socialists are expected to have the courage of their convictions. If Germany has her Scheidemanns, Legiens, and Widdins, we have—but maybe here it would be as well to leave the matter where the Trade Union Congress have left it. It is not strictly our affair.

War spells reaction in its worst forms of self-inflicted blindness to moral values and intellectual conceptions. Every political party having a generous leaven of men who are well-intentioned but weak—to say nothing of its downright fools and knaves—it was therefore hardly to be expected that a great international crisis should leave the Socialists in any country unmoved on bed-rock principles. What was surprising and alarming was to find the Socialist movement almost completely engulfed. But, while theories of politics and conduct were being torn to tatters in the sudden hurricane of anger and folly, there were some men of worth in Germany who held fast to the idea of the common international rights of humanity. They formed a minority, as such men formed a minority in all the countries at war.

It must be conceded—though to future times this, too, may seem a priggish and insular prejudice—that the complete negation of Socialist principles in the first years of the war was more marked in Germany than elsewhere. Very certainly what brought British and French internationalists into line with the other parties was that they saw in Prussian Junkerdom a concrete and embodied insult to human dignity. It represented all the baneful things they most hated. Many had no illusions about the Utopia which would come as the inevitable consequence of victory by the Allies; but they were more afraid of the dark age of reaction which would follow a Prussian triumph. This is their precise and honorable reason for "getting on with the war." They had no other choice left them, and they hitched their wagon to the Imperial Juggernaut; and it has dragged them into strange places. Those who clung to the conception of an international commonwealth—knowing well the delusion of a democracy made safe by hate under the leadership of inferior minds—watched with dismay the Juggernaut's progress. If in Germany Nationalism among Socialists went mad, it also went into excesses in all the lands of the belligerents. How rarely anywhere has the fundamental principle been raised that the rights of peoples are above all fancied national interests! Socialists were not strong enough to prevent the war, perhaps, but it should at least have been safe to count upon them to hold their doctrine in all hazards. It is a custom to sneer at the doctrinaire; but it is a foolish sneer after all. It would have been a less painful Europe in these last few years had there been many thousand doctrinaires to discountenance follies, treacheries, and savageries. Is a doctrine never for use? It is significant that the "Minority" Party in Germany, who have kept faith with their Socialism, calling for peace and protesting always against methods of barbarism, consists almost exclusively of doctrinaires. Only in the "Majority" are to be found men of the type of Scheidemann and Eduard David, worshippers of expediency whose Socialism was always of a doubtful order. The Independents throughout the conflict have insisted that most of the pro-war Socialist leaders apostatized long before 1914.

Even in the "Majority," apart from the Right wing, which consists of a small section of avowed Jingo and imperialists—a phenomenon common in Labor history—there are not lacking men who have constantly raised their voices to urge upon the Government to seek the way of peace and understanding, but who have been deluded by the humbug that party unity was a chief consideration. The Majority as a whole forgot that it could not surrender its principles for the duration of the war without surrendering what power it had. The reflection is raised that it is



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not possible to compromise with ideals. Autocracy remained in the saddle, while leading democrats adopted the language of imperialism. Bernstein himself has remarked that few of the Socialists who decided to vote the first war credits did so with any notion that it would mean "the first step towards a departure from the traditional policy of the party respecting armaments, war, and foreign relations." He, at least, quickly discovered that error. Being a man of principle for whom ideas of social right were not merely for platform use, he was alarmed when he saw those who voted for the credits become "prisoners of that vote" till at last there was nothing to distinguish their conceptions from those of the men in power. The process can be paralleled in kind, if not degree, in all the countries at war except in Italy, where the majority of Socialists did remember the tenets of their creed.

What is important to bear in mind at this juncture of the war is, not that the Socialist Party in the Reichstag voted the war credits in 1914, but the movement towards sanity and finer relationships which has since been growing. The "Majority" Party has been understood in Europe as representative of the German people. The Imperial Government has at times fostered that view. Less and less was there anything to differentiate the patriotism of the "Old Party," as it is called, from that of the other parties; it suspended its mission for the duration of the war, and lost its soul. Yet month by month it lost support from Socialists in the country, and as the war lengthened the Independents, who were almost without a Press and whose voices were stifled in the Reichstag, grew in strength. There has been a constant movement to the left. The "Minority" would have become the "Majority" but for the split into separate parties in 1916. How many people know that in July of that year there was alarm in Germany lest the growth of power by the Extremists (not to be confused with the Independents) would lead to a general strike against the war? The gaining strength of the Extremists has had its effect in increasing the fervor of the "Minority," which in its turn is bringing about a change of heart in the "Majority."

The change is not a mere matter of political expediency, but is a symptom of a general reawakening to the things that matter, an awakening from what Prince Max has called the "spiritual indolence of the German people." It is folly to urge that Scheidemann and David, for instance, are not Socialists but crafty politicians with a false label. Their Socialism may be doubtful, but it is possible they have now learned their lesson. They know the desire for peace among the German people. Their admission to a Government till yesterday controlled by an autocrat is the first step in a familiar revolutionary process. They will pass, for to-morrow is for the men of vision. In Central Europe, as everywhere, there are men who have kept their heads and their hearts through the storm. Some weakened awhile and came back repentant, while others are for ever lost, it is to be hoped. Not only for German Socialists is the lesson to be learned. In all the countries of the world the faint-hearted and muddle-headed must be purged from the movement. The early battle-cry of "Never again!" has a deeper significance. If the Socialist movement is to regain its moral force it must learn to think of principles not as a tabulation of ideas apart from the daily practice of our lives, but as vital things for faith to hold fast in all circumstances of ill and happy chance.

#### THE ECONOMICS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

"The Economics of Progress." By J. M. ROBERTSON. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

In any of the numerous books upon sociology and economics, current politics, biblical and literary criticism which Mr. J. M. Robertson turns out there is a rich fund of enjoyment for lovers of the art of controversy. As a destructive critic, a trained and erudite detective of myths, fallacies, and inconsistencies, he has no living equal. And this work is sadly needed in a country where serious additions to the pursuit of knowledge outside the range of immediate utility are very rare. But the temptations of such an intellectual career are very strong. When one becomes early involved in close and frequently embittered controversy with the

defenders of established or orthodox opinions, it engenders a passionate interest in the matter of such controversies that is liable to injure the temper and spoil the intellectual perspective. Christian mythology, birth-restriction, race character, have played this part in Mr. Robertson's intellectual career, and whatever subject he discusses, however apparently remote from them, they are pretty certain to bob up. When their introduction is relevant (and how can anything be absolutely irrelevant?) the part they are made to play is apt to divert attention from the topic of direct interest, and so to confuse the mind.

In his latest work "The Economics of Progress," formally addressed to "the great problem of reconstruction," Mr. Robertson appears to us to fail to make the full use of his learning and his dialectical skill by this weakness of perspective. Of eight chapters (in their origin lectures delivered at the National Liberal Club) the two concluding ones are on "The Economics of Population," and the subject comes up repeatedly in other chapters. Now, whatever focus one gives to the powers of reconstruction, this is excessive. It is quite true that a State policy, or even a strong public opinion, directed by old reactionary notions to the encouragement of large families, might go some way towards delaying or impairing social economic progress in the world. But it could not go far. Neither militarism, for the provision of cannon food, nor capitalism for the provision of cheap labor, will be able to turn back the tide of knowledge which has led all classes in the "civilized" countries to restrain to an increasing extent their birth-rate. We accept the view that this restriction of birth-rate carries improved quality of life and industry, and that the example of prosperity thus set by advanced nations will gradually be followed by more backward ones. The interim period will probably be one of needless scares and idle talk of race restriction as each nation in turn feels and thinks its way towards a population conformable to the best use of its environment. We also assent to Mr. Robertson's view that a steadily rising consumption, based upon such a restriction of birth-rate, will conduce to full and regular employment of capital and labor.

But because there has been, especially in certain Labor and Socialist quarters, a disposition to disparage the real importance of the population question, that is no proper ground for thrusting it always to the centre of the stage, or for the counter-disparagement of the revolutionary proposals of Laborism and Socialism for the distribution of wealth and the increased control over production by the workers. This disparagement we find strewn over the pages of Mr. Robertson's book. The actual steps he sanctions for State functions, for taxation, for structural reforms in business and in credit, are small, and, we hold, incommensurate with the requirements of the after-war situation. Old Age Pensions, a capital tax of 1 per cent., instead of a large emergency levy, a revised income tax, with some generalities about increasing "labor's share," and brief allusions to the nationalization of railways and banking as possibilities of the future, do not carry us very far towards the sort of reconstruction needed for economic security and progress. Mr. Robertson is evidently afraid of the wild revolutionary projects of uninstructed labor. He might have been a trusted and valued leader of labor, for fundamentally, so far as we can judge, his economic principles are theirs.

#### A CHANCE SELECTION.

"Tony Heron." By C. KENNETT BURROW. (Collins. 6s. net.)

"The Veiled Woman." By VIOLET TWEEDALE. (Jenkins. 6s. net.)

"The Mirror and the Lamp." By W. B. MAXWELL. (Cassell. 7s. net.)

"His Grace of Grub Street." By G. V. MCFADDEN. (Lanc. 6s. net.)

THE general fault of a novel of situation is that it appeals to the brain rather than to the mind. Most novels belong to this category, but, being machine-made, appeal to neither. "Tony Heron" is not at all machine-made, and is constructed with a good deal of care and skill. Consequently, it never ceases to be readable and interesting. Its fault is, as we suggest, that it is a novel not of an idea but a situation. Tony, the son of a stiff and arrogant landed proprietor, is



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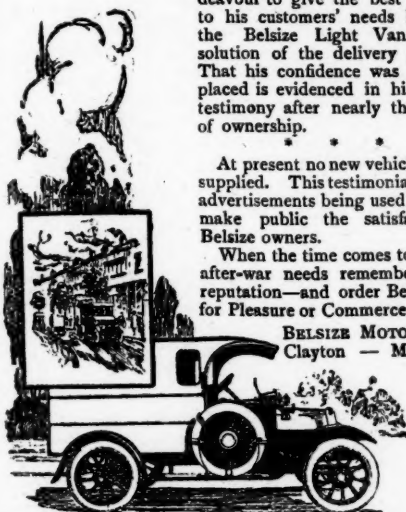
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seduced by a neighbour's daughter, and on returning from making enamels in London, to a farm on the estate, with an artist's daughter for a wife and excellent semi-feudal views of getting into more human touch with the tenantry, discovers that he is the father of a son. The rest of the story relates how this son is joyfully taken into the household of the husband and wife (who is childless), but his life lost through the insensible pride of Tony's father. It is, as far as it goes, an admirable specimen of modern fiction, ably conceived, soundly written, and untouched by any spirit of concession to false sentiment either of life or of fiction. But because it is principally a novel of situation, so its characters have to conform to circumstance. Beatrice, for instance, the mother of Tony's illegitimate son, is not a personality but a product of events, shaped without real initiative into the mould of these events; and the same criticism applies to Kenrick, Tony's sawdust tutor, whose sloppy resentment at other people's prosperity discloses the truth about Tony's son to Tony's father. On the other hand, Margaret, Tony's wife, who, being a subsidiary character, is not so much forced to ~~lose~~ the knee to situation, emerges more definitely as a person. But the best character in the book is Mary Gillam, the blacksmith's daughter, who only occupies a page or two of the book and could be loosed from the pattern of circumstance without injuring it at all as a design. She is treated obliquely and left to our imagination, with results which please the reader and reflect unusual credit upon the author. It is curious indeed to compare "Tony Heron" with a much-quoted book, "Howard's End." In the latter the characters, beautifully right in themselves, generally do the wrong things; in the former, the process is almost exactly the reverse. But Mary Gillam is an idea, and ought to be an excellent foster-mother to Mr. Burrow's literary future.

"The Veiled Woman," on the other hand, would be worthless did it not contain hardly an idea but the amceba of one. That idea may not be Miss Tweedale's own, since in a "foreword" she declares that she owes "the extremely original plot" to Benjamin Kidd's "posthumous and unique work 'The Science of Power.'" Stella Adair is a rich young woman burning with ardor for relieving human miseries, and is carried away by her enthusiasms to a secret marriage with the self-seeking Radical politician Warnington. He strikes her and will have none of her when he learns that her uncle had left his fortune to her only on condition that she did not marry him. She devotes herself to a double purpose—the ruin of Warnington's career and the leadership of the women's movement (the book has a contemporary setting) as a genuine spiritual force in national life. The vote is well enough, but what women really stand for is the delivery of the world by idealism from self-interest and brute force. Unfortunately, the author spoils her promising material by the fantastic development of Stella's career in Parliament dressed up as a man. She might have retrieved it by the strikingly and powerfully original account of how the women hold up the railways and actually take over and run portions of them upon equal conditions by kneeling in front of the trains and stopping them. The fact that women have, as a matter of fact, taken little active part in the ideal of substituting spiritual for physical force lends a moving interest to this portion of the narrative. But the real reason why "The Veiled Woman" is not nearly so impressive as it ought to be is because of the author's damaging mannerisms in style. Her economy in verbs is not matched by one in verbosity, and her sentences frequently run straight on without so much as a verb on the horizon. This gives the book a staccato and rhetorical note and drowns any possibility of a clear meaning emerging from a sea of language. Without any idea in it at all, the book would have been unbearable; as it is, the sincerity, passion, and devoted altruism of the author do redeem it from the complete confusion that threatens it so closely.

"The Mirror and The Lamp" is good, steady, honest work, rather dimmed by a solemnity which the lighter pen of Mr. Maxwell in older days did not lead us quite to expect. It relates the spiritual transformations of the unemotional young parson Edward Churchill, who begins his religious vocation in an East End slum. There he meets the wife of a brutal trade union official, and finally carries her away from him. This action, a decent and necessary one, seems to affect (one never can quite understand why) his belief in

God, and "blank negation" accompanies a period of blameless domestic life, social service, and literary triumphs. However, he returns ultimately to the surplice, and his wife Lilian (ex-spouse of the Labor man), his friend Allan, the Bishop, and prosperity all beam upon him in unison. It cannot be called an absorbing or what some people call "arrestive" book, but it has workmanlike qualities.

"His Grace of Grub Street" is one of those books where they say "betwixt" instead of "between"—of course, in the eighteenth-century manner. Villainous gentleman (secret political hack with scores of miscellaneous rascals under his thumb) is in the habit of getting scandalous personal attacks written by penniless authors. Calls upon one Thorburn, a great but unrecognized author, who rejects his infamous propositions with scorn and contempt. Thorburn engaged by wealthy M.P. as editor of a new review. Villainous gentleman conspires to plant a forged banknote upon hero that he may be hung or at least transported. Niece of wealthy M.P. foils plot but spurns hero, who retires into Grub Street. Uncle discovers villain to be the circulator of the libels, and hero brought from gates of debtors' prison into the double arms of the niece and the editorial chair. Period—less familiar to reader than style, characterization, and plot.

## The Week in the City.

ON Monday selling began on the Stock Exchange, and prices slowly crumbled. Members and the public felt that hopes of peace were evaporating. By Wednesday, Consols, which had risen above 82 last week, were back at 59. French and Russian securities felt the adverse influence, and the continued retreat of the German armies in Belgium did not avail to stem the liquidation. Short Loans have commanded from 3 to 3½ per cent., and on Wednesday a certain amount of money was borrowed at the Bank for a few days at 4 per cent. Home rails have been well maintained. The fall in Scandinavian stocks continues, which seem to indicate that peace this winter is still expected in some quarters. War finance remains unsatisfactory, and attention is being drawn to the progress of inflation. The issue of cheques has suffered from the tax, and this may be partly causing the increase of Treasury Notes. The commercial situation gets worse, and the food problem is evidently again causing anxiety. Neutral Exchanges are less favorable to London—a reflection of the idea current until Thursday, that the Allies will not agree to President Wilson's peace terms. On Thursday, the situation altered at once, as a result of President Wilson's reply. Consols rallied at once. The Bank return, however, showed a further decline in the reserve.

### PEARSON & KNOWLES SHARE BONUS.

The accounts of the Pearson & Knowles Coal and Iron Company which have appeared this week, are the first issued since those relating to the year ended June 30th, 1915, and therefore cover a period of three years. The report states that it has been difficult to separate the profits attributable to each year, and the figures as finally adjusted on June 30th, 1918, embrace the results of three years' operations. The profits for these three years amount to £527,500. Dividends already paid have absorbed £285,600, leaving, with the balance brought forward from 1914-15, a net sum of £268,000. The reserve fund is credited with £120,000, and £52,600 is written off capital expenditure for the three years, leaving a balance of £95,400, which, "in view of the present abnormal conditions," is to be carried forward. The dividend distribution amounts to 15 per cent., on which 5 per cent. is paid free of income tax. The directors propose, subject to Treasury consent, to increase the nominal capital of the Company from £1,000,000 to £2,500,000, to reduce the denomination of the shares from £5 to £1, and to capitalise £366,000 out of the reserve fund of £570,000, and to issue fully-paid bonus shares of £1 each to the Ordinary shareholders in proportion to their holdings. There are 122,000 Ordinary shares of £5 each now in existence, so that if carried out, the bonus will amount to three new £1 shares for each £5 share now held.

### RUBBER CONTROL.

A cable from Singapore published in Monday's papers, states that the Rubber Commission report recommends that the British and Dutch Governments should restrict production to 200 lbs. per acre under license. It also recommends the formation of an Imperial Trust, with a monopoly of buying and selling at a price of 2s. 4d. per pound from warehouse at Singapore, or alternatively a minimum price of 80 cents (1s. 10½d.) for first quality rubber, and the appointment of Rubber Controllers for Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. This is rather obscure, until further details are forthcoming. The plantation area in bearing is about 1,500,000 acres, which at 200 lbs. per acre, would yield 300,000,000 lbs., as compared with an estimated output of 450,000,000 lbs. Were this course adopted, stocks would soon be reduced, and there would surely be a rise in price.

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